

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR ★

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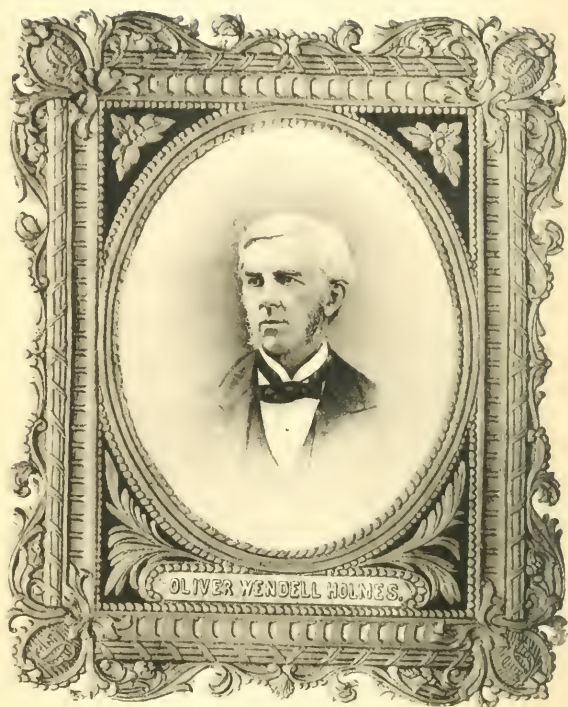




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American Wit and Humor

*A COLLECTION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES
CLASSIFIED UNDER
APPROPRIATE SUBJECT HEADINGS*

VOL. I

*PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
PUBLISHERS*

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“Care in our coffins drives the nails no doubt,
But Mirth with merry fingers plucks them out.”

Preface for Volume I

AMERICAN periodicals abound in witty sayings. Not only the comic papers but almost every newspaper, whether secular or religious, has its funny column. Every community has one or more men who are noted for witty sayings and quaint observations. Almost without exception Americans are quick to recognize and appreciate wit. Jokes do not require a label in America. This may be owing to the cosmopolitan origin of our people. Coming from many other countries and welded in a common citizenship the "bump of humor" has become abnormal. Here an Irishman loses his brogue, but not his wit. The more phlegmatic German learns to perpetrate puns over his pipe and mug, and the Englishman does not require a night's reflection to discover the point of a repartee. Many of these bright sayings deserve a longer life than is afforded by the ephemeral newspaper. To that end some of them are presented in this volume.

It is impossible to give proper credit, in many cases, and hence it can be only said in a general

way that they have appeared in *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Harper's Weekly and Bazar*, *Danbury News*, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *Texas Siftings*, *Burlington Hawkeye*, *Yonkers Statesman*, *Washington Post*, *Burlington Free Press* and many more papers equally deserving of mention. These publications have very kindly given permission to use matter taken from their columns.

That they may relieve the burden of care, lessen the tedium of a long journey or provoking delay and make the world brighter and happier is the wish of the compiler.

CHAPTER I

To be Read While Waiting for the Train

A wag of a gourmand who had made himself ill by feasting on fish, said he embodied the trio of the fiery furnace, thus—shad-rack, me-sick and abed-we-go.

Cruelty to animals—throwing physic to the dogs.

The Free Press says the following notice is posted on the door leading to the barroom of the Van Ness House, Burlington: "Notice! If you don't see what you ask for, want it."

The stammering silk thief who was caught in New York owned up to the officers that he was a gone co-coon.

It is believed now that congress will not adjourn before the middle of July. By remaining in session two weeks longer it would become an August body, which is otherwise utterly out of the question.

Motto for grocers—Honest tea is the best policy.

When you see a pretty girl putting on a postage stamp, then don't you wish you were George Washington?

Beefsteak is meat and proper for breakfast.

They have a brand of whiskey in Kentucky known as the "Horn of Plenty," because it will corn your copiously.

Mice harm the cheese, but girls charm the he's.

A Pennsylvania paper says: "Boston, populous Boston, may properly be described as the town in which hundreds of thousand daily live, move and have their beans."

THE greatest nutmeg ever known met with a greater.

A man who detected a piece of bark in the sausage visited a butcher's shop to know what had come of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.

While witnessing a game of baseball out West, a boy was struck on the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

An unpopular ism with everybody—the rheumatism.

Our hen-pecked neighbor remarks that notwithstanding the mildness of the afternoons it's always scold where his wife is when he comes home late at night.

Dollars and sense do not necessarily travel together.

It is said that a human being has seven millions of pores through which perspiration and exhausted particles of the system escape. We are all pore creatures.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Not if they have money.

A little girl the other day referred to the mustache of a young man as a "bang" on his lip. If she doesn't look out, one of these days she'll get a bang right under the nose.

They were walking by the seaside, and he sighed and she sighed.

Barbers are well informed on combing events.

Never miss a kiss, even if you have to kiss a Miss.

A child for adoption, to be born in November, is advertised in a New York newspaper. Sex not stated.—Such enterprise can go no father.

A motto for young lovers—So-fa and no father.

“I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?” “Oh, yes, I’m owin’ Smith, and owin’ Jones, and owin’ Brown, and owin’ everybody.”

A depraved punster says he shall smoke if he chews too.

A religious contemporary has discovered the style of the first parents. He said: “Madam, I’m Adam,” to which she replied: “Adam, I’m madam.”

It is said that all South Carolina people who have pains, go to Aiken.

Boreas is the sleet swinger of the arctics.

An exchange speaks of an armless penman
 "Who has written a long story with his toes."
 That is really nothing. "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
 was written by Harriet Beecher's toe.

Breach of good manners—for ruin to stare you
 in the face.

It is rather unpleasant to hear a speaker re-
 mark, "My friends-ur, I wish to say a few
 words-ur on this occasion-ur," etc.; but then
 we must remember that to ur is human.

The patch on a boy's trousers is something
 new under the son.

A lively girl had a bashful lover named
 Locke. Getting out of patience with him, in
 her anger, she said that Shakespeare had not
 written half as many things as he ought about
 Shy Locke.

"Yet," as Boosy says, "Professor Hall
 wouldn't have found that new moon if Mars
 hadn't satelite out for him."

The weary husband, as he proceeds to take down the clothesline, unconsciously trips over a croquet arch, and from the bottom of his feet wishes he was where the wickets cease from troubling.

The object of some wives in blowing up their husbands is to have them come down.

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. ——'s maiden name was?" "Why her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

Time will only hang up his scythe when he is no mower.

At a party where questions were asked, and facetious if not felicitous answers were expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favorite with his trade. One answered, "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested Blackstone. "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little hard-faced man in the corner piped out "Littleton," whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saying anything.

A man who is always in a stew generally goes to pot.

A man with a small salary and a large family says: "If pride goes before a fall, he would like to see pride start on a little ahead of the price of coal and provisions."

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

"Our terms are five dollars a day, with moderate charges for extras," said the insinuating young man who wore a diamond pin at a watering-place hotel, to a sensible-looking stranger; "we should be pleased to enrol you as a guest." The stranger said he guest not.

Strange to say, a negro minstrel most overflows with humor when he is corked up.

The only pun Abe Lincoln ever made was when he was splitting rails and his boss criticised his work severely. "How do you feel now?" asked a fellow-workman. He thought a minute and replied, "I feel I maul right." It is believed that this was what started his presidential boom.

Some sons are chips of the old blockhead.

A young lady in Chicago, tired of going it alone, has married John Rightbower. It is altogether probable she will order him up on winter mornings.

It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the last was a shoemaker.

There are some cute observers in New Orleans. The *Picayune* man has discovered that the reason why some of the street lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone.

Are the Michiganders any relation to the Portuguese, and if so, how much, and what?

Here is a bit of fashionable intelligence from the *Kansas City Times*: "The daughter of Mr. Proddy, of 12th street, has returned to her father's house from a visit east, and oh! how many fond and foolish boys rejoice over that Proddy gal's return."

An Oil City man traded off his gun for a dog, because he wanted to "get something to boot."

Old maid's laughter—He ! he ! he !

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false !" he said he presumed so.

The man who sat down on the spur of the moment, will not do so again.

It is foolish for a man to try to make game of a boarding-house chicken by looking at it, under the impression that a steady gaze of the human eye will make any animal quail.

How to get a long well—Dig it deep.

Fifteen pounds of dried apples were taken as pay for publishing a marriage notice by an Iowa paper, recently ; which leads to the inference that the wedding was a swell affair.

Butter is strong ; but cheese is mitey.

It has been carefully estimated that Chicago might, by converting her *i* into an *e*, save at least five thousand dollars per annum in the ink wasted in dotting the vowel of the first syllable. Cheekago wouldn't be bad either.

Troubles are like dogs; the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

It is an anomaly, perhaps, but when peace and quiet are restored in Cuba the planters will begin to raise cane.

“Not lost,” said the man who bet on the wrong horse, “but gone behind.”

A writer, describing the exodus of Eden, says, “The devil drove woman out of Paradise, but he could not drive Paradise out of woman.”

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

A young lady while out walking heard, for the first time, of her mother's intention to marry again, and she was obliged to sit right down and cry about it. She could not go a step-farther.

Ephraim Muggins says, “Eternal liberty is the price of vigilance, and dear at that.”

A lecturer against women's rights named Tait, was hissed by the women of Mattoon, Ill., recently. They should remember that the women who hiss a Tait are lost.

Whatever promises to pay is a favorable owe men.

"Call me pet names—something typical of sweet sounds," he murmured; she said he was a gay lute.

The tune the old cow died on must have been written in beef-flat.

A bald headed man with a black eye called here yesterday, took off his hat and pointing to his eye and bald head said, "Betsy and I—hair out."

A Western paper gives the following as the proper motto for life insurance companies: "*Soc et tu em.*"

A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way for him is to make a short voyage to sea. He will very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.

Mr. Somerset is a bachelor. He could not persuade any of his female acquaintances to turn a Somerset.

A Boston man calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

An eminent historian traces baseball to the time when Rebecca went down to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac.

A blind man is an impatient stock speculator. He always wants two real eyes.

Cooing is well enough before marriage, but the billing doesn't come till afterward ; and then it comes from the tradesmen.

A man in Delaware who has a half-sister is now wondering where the other half can be.

A gentleman who had been arguing with an ignoramus until his patience was exhausted, said he didn't wish him dead, but he would be glad to see him—know more.

A song heard by a hive—"Bee it ever so humble, there's no place like comb."

Accuracy of expression : A family who have recently moved into a suite of rooms received an elegantly worked motto last week, which read as follows : "Heaven bless our flat."

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

Out in Montana, where they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his appearance in a new rôle.

Tuneful lyre—A music-teacher who does not keep his engagements.

Bob Ingersoll practices on the violin during his leisure moments. Perhaps that's why he is an in-fiddle.

If a man has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she will be his other *I*.

A hen-pecked husband, who had married his wife because she was handsome declared that a thing of beauty is a jaw forever.

A volume that will bring tears to your eyes—
a volume of smoke.

St. Albans boasts a man who revels in the patronymic of Stonegraves. That name is tomb much for us. Well, it is cemeterial whether you like it or not.

The latest bankers' song—Off in the stilly night.

We hold that a Woodchuck is fit for treason, strategy and spoil; because he has no music in his hole.

When a man has a house lot on which he cannot pay the taxes, he has a site too much.

A toast at a public dinner in Connecticut: "The Nutmeg State, where shall we find a greater?"

To become the lion of a party, it is not necessary to make a beast of one's self.

Mr. George Barrel committed suicide because disappointed in a love affair. He could not bear the thought of remaining a single Barrel.

To keep warm on a cold day the women double the Cape and the men double the Horn.

A few days ago a Norwich man bought a chest of tea in Providence, and on opening found a stone inside weighing nearly eleven pounds. He remarked that the weighs of Providence are very mysterious.

It is sad to see people squandering money and know you cannot help them.

Masons and Odd Fellows, like masons and hod fellows ascending a ladder, get up by degrees.

It is as impossible to get money out of a miser as to cut mutton-chops out of a battering ram.

A patent churn, invented by a Sioux squaw, is on exhibition in Washington. It shows considerable Injunuity.

It is pleasant to find a four-leaved clover, but beware of the poisonous IV plant.

The crow is not so bad a bird after all. It never shows the white feather and never complains without caws.

A baby lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink-bottle. Its mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

You can look for warm weather when the fly begins to put on his specs.

A Philadelphia gentleman advertises a soap that is destined to wipe out the national debt. There is probably some "lye" about it.

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

A contemporary informs us that Texans raise hemp. We can inform our contemporary that hemp frequently raises Texans.

"Give the hens a rest," says an exchange. Just so; a sort of inter-eggnum as it were.

A young man who proposed to a handsome but heartless creature the other evening, suggested a very popular poem, the Beautiful's No.

Now is the time for spring cleaning. If you have not got a spring, clean out your well.

Knott and Shott fought a duel. The result was that they changed conditions, Knott was shot and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

New Bedford is said to have but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.

X A young man who has tried it suggests that before you pop the question it's just as well to question the pop.

X All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, Lord, have mercy on us, miserable singers.

Fritz says he can't eat oleomargarine because it disagrease with him.

A hard-hearted parent in Syracuse proposes to change his daughter's name to Misery, because she likes company so well.

Some one who has suffered from indigestion says mince pie is meat for repentance.

When she told him he was a flat, Jones said it was all her fault, because she wouldn't have him a round. Jones thinks he got square on her then.

I hope I see you well, as the bucket said when it touched the water.

A schoolmaster being asked what was meant by the word fortification, answered, "two twenty-ifications make a fortification."

An itch for office does not always lead to a niche in the temple of fame.

Talking about modern miracles, the Stamford *Advocate* says he cured his boy of some bad habits by the laying on of hands.

It's a bad thing to have a sore mouth, but it's a sore thing to have a bad mouth.

A Newburg goat the other day devoured an entire novel at one sitting. That's what you might call a regular swallow-tail goat.

Why they call a sensational report a canard is because one can-ardly believe it.

Brown's ladyship said she did not know how to make both ends meet. "Well," asked Brown, "why don't you make one end vegetables?"

A conscience void of offence is a good thing ;
but a farm void of a fence is quite another
matter.

It is easy to breakfast in bed if you will be
satisfied with a few rolls and a turnover.

Where there's a will there's apt to be a con-
test. One touch of humor makes the whole
world chin.

General Sevenyearich would be the man to
bring the Russians up to the scratch.

A great genius says : " A printer who set in
type \$10,000 to read \$1,000, might have pre-
vented his mistake by a little fourth-aught."

Advice to parents—When your boy cries for
a stick of candy, just take a stick to him.

A minister nigh to Boston had a son born to
him and a generous donation from his church,
the other Saturday, and in the next day's prayer
he alluded with gratitude to the arrival of a
little succor.

The Chicago papers call the tornado "she"—probably because it made a bustle in the outskirts.

Leading out of the village of Hope, N. J., is a covered bridge upon which some wag has written: "Who enters here leaves Hope behind."

X The most popular book at watering places this summer will be the—pocketbook. X

A certain Mr. David Fender, popping the question in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out half the time that it's scold.

A person leaving a crowded stage at New York the other day, steadied himself by resting his hands on the knees of the passengers. "What a savage!" exclaimed one lady. "Yes," replied her companion, "he is a Pawnee."

A German grocer in New York called his horse Napoleon because he had so many bony parts.

A fellow who has actually tried it, says that although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

A Georgia paper promises to publish a thrilling cereal. Its readers will probably make an oat of it.

Old Hornblower was talking very big about being entirely a self-educated man. Sneerwell, who heard him, said, "Ah, I understand! You were at the school where every man was his own toot-er."

"Boy, how did you manage to get such a big string of fish?" "I hooked them, sir," said the boy.

A young man from Connecticut, who went West a year or so ago, has just been hanged in Nevada as a horse thief. How true is the old adage that you have to go away from home to get the noose.

Charity Ann Burden, of Indianapolis, has gone into the Divorce Court to get rid of her Burden.

A Boston paper tells of a young man in Jamaica Plain who woke up the other night and saw a ghost in his room. Seizing his six shooter, he approached it, and found it was his collar which was standing on the floor. He calls it a case of collar in phantom.

If your foot is asleep, wake it up quickly, for the poet tells us that the sole is dead that slumbers.

In Siam they have a curious way of deciding lawsuits by putting both parties under water and awarding the victory to the one who stays the longer, entirely dispensing with lawyers. Hence the legal term: "Just as Siam, without one plea!"

Timid people prefer a shoal place for salt-water bathing. They like to go down to the brine knee deep.

Pleasant-faced people are generally the most welcome, but the auctioneer is always pleased to see a man whose countenance is for bidding.

Mutual admiration—as the season of picnics approaches, boys begin to feel gallant, and girls buoyant.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says: “That burying a man alive is a grave error.” By the same token, cremating a man alive is a burning shame.

Drinkers in this country can hardly be heathen, but still the great idea with them is jug-or-not.

The latest fraud hails from Fargo, Dakota, where a man goes round and vaccinates with mucilage. It is a regular gum game.

Mark Twain says the Sandwich Islanders are generally as unlettered as the other side of a tombstone.

All the signers of the Declaration of Independence signed their names with quill pens except one—he signed his Witherspoon.

A man who works for a living ought to marry a woman taller than himself. The laborer is worthy of his higher.

Somebody advertises for a machine girl. The question is, in what particular a machine girl is better than a handmaid.

The grasshopper is something of a singer, but the potato bug is the most indefatigable musician. He plays on the tuber.

The crocus put its head out from under the snow and said to its companion, "you lilac everything if you say this is spring."

Two soles that beat as one, remarked the boy to his mother, as she was dealing with him for his sins, using both slippers at once.

Said he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." Said she: "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

Enthusiastic youth on horse car, "That star over there is Mars." Unsympathetic Driver, "Is it? Then the other one, I suppose, is pa's."

The Englishman who said that liquor had been the horrid-gin of all his troubles has been spirited away, as he richly deserves to have been.

“Fred,” said a young man, walking up State street, in Chicago, the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, “do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning?”

“No,” says Fred; “I give it up.”

“Because a harp struck by lightning is a blasted lyre.”

CHAPTER II

*To be Read While Waiting for your Husband
to come Home from the Club.*

MRS. PARTINGTON says that her minister preached about the parody of the probable son.

Mrs. Partington says few persons suffer from suggestion of the brain nowadays.

Mrs. Malaprop says that she hates intolerance of all kinds, but the kind she hates most is bigamy in religion.

One day when Mrs. Partington heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, she observed that she knew who that party was.

It was bad enough for the Boston Advertiser to say of Wilkie Collins as a lecturer: "The London intonation is noticeable in a flattering of the vowels. But it was worse when a Western compositor made it read "a flattening of the bowels."

A printer recently made "Be ye therefore steadfast," the text of a minister's sermon, "Be ye there for breakfast."

Old mother Partington was both apt and truthful when she declared that "There is no blessing like health, particularly when you are sick."

At a recent free religion convention held in New Haven, it was asserted that man had made God in his own image.

Boy presents a dollar bill in a Hartford bake-shop. Little girl, who is acting chief clerk: "My father is very perpendicular about taking torn bills."

It doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is; if a fellow kisses her, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nose.

A country paper says, that in reply to a question from the lecture committee of the chief town of the district as to the subject of a lecture to be given at the institution, the lecturer telegraphed, "A Taste of Naples and Rome." The telegraph made it read, "A Taste of Apples and Rum."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the shock of the electrical franchise.

A watering place correspondent writes that very few bathers bathe at the West End ; whereupon Mrs. Partington says she had an idea they bathed all over.

An Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was thieving as usual. He declared he wrote it thriving.

A Michigan paper recently closed an obituary notice with the misquotation, "He is not dead, but squeaketh." The printer apparently wasn't minding his p's and q's.

A Jerseyman, who lately fell heir to a considerable inheritance, immediately sent for a tailor to come and measure him for a coat-of-arms.

A rustic youth being asked to take tea with a friend, was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter was passed to him, when he remarked : "Very nice butter—what there is of it," and observing a smile, he added ; "and plenty of it such as it is."

Mr. Timpkins has just returned from Europe, bringing with him a portrait of himself, done, as he explains, "by one of the old masters!"

An old lady was admiring the beautiful picture Saved. "It's no wonder," she said, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water."

Mrs. Partington, reading of the strike of the wire-drawers, remarked, "Ah, me! what new-fangled things won't they wear next."

"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a stub-nosed boy's hand. "No, sir," she replied, "this is my oldest boy."

A rural poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled "I kissed her *sub rosa*." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kissed her snub nosa."

The Philadelphia Ledger recently announced the marriage of a couple as occurring suddenly, February 15. It meant Sunday, February 15, but no explanation will pacify the bridegroom who is on the war path.

According to an Auburn paper, they are going to put up in that city an addition to their seminary to accommodate eighty-six students 200 feet long.

An old lady, hearing some one reading about Congressmen-at-large, rushed to the kitchen door, shouting: "Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane, don't you leave the clothes out all night, I tell you, for there's a Congressman at large!"

An Irish editor says, "that a child was run over in the street by a wagon three years old and crosseyed, with pantlets on which never spoke afterward."

"There was an old family fuel between them," was what a female witness in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. A jurymen asked her if she didn't mean feud? and she asked him who was telling the story.

"Let the pudding alone, there! That's the dessert!" exclaimed a waiter to a countryman, who was devouring the tapioca at an early stage of the dinner. "*I* don't care if it is a desert," testily said the countryman; "*I'd* eat it if it was a wilderness."

The Chicago Tribune prints a poem in which the writer wishes that she had "a heart full of sweet yearlings." The authoress says the printer who set it up is a calf.

What agonies must that editor have endured who, writing of his love, asserted in his manuscript that he kissed her under the silent stars, and found the compositor had made him declare that he kicked her under the cellar stairs.

"How wonderfully all your little treasures resemble their father, Mrs. Golloper! This darling now especially reminds me of Mr. G.!" Mrs. G.; "Oh no, Mr. Blinkins, that is Mrs. Littlejohn's child, who lives next door." Blinkins subsides.

The intelligent compositor has broken out in Natick, where, aided by the vigilant proof-reader, he enters into a conspiracy against a dead clergyman, and remarked: "Fraud after fraud departs."

At a recent meeting of a society composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: "Mr. President, I move yee's that we whitewash the ceiling green in honor of the old flag."

At a town meeting a large taxpayer rose up to protest against building a new schoolhouse in a certain part of the town. "What's the good of it? They are an ignorant set down there anyway."

While the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina was in dispute the residence of a lady was uncertain as to the State. When the line was finally established she was in Virginia. I am very glad of it, she observed, for North Carolina is always such a sickly State.

Proud mamma:—"Don't you think dear baby's the image of his papa?" Dull but well-meaning family friend:—"Well perhaps he is; but I dare say he'll outgrow it in time."

"La, me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three moral weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you are ill."

An Irish advertisement: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with the red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with the ivory handle, he will hear something to her advantage."

A Troy paper published two articles on Wednesday, one of which was an obituary notice and the other a funny anecdote. The headings accidentally got changed, and when the paper appeared the editor was horrified to see the obituary notice headed, "A Good Joke," while the funny anecdote was prefixed with the caption, "A Sad Announcement."

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says "that it is better to speak paregorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea as a veil to her blushes when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand, but for my part I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

A young lady who went to the city to see what was advertised as a Spectacular Drama, came home greatly disappointed. She says not one of the actors wore spectacles.

After-dinner orator :—“ It’s in the wonderful insight inter ’uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray ; but on t’other hand, it’s in the brilliant shafts of satire, t’gether with a keen sense o’ humor, that Thackens gets the pull on Dickery. It’s just this: Thickerly is the humorist, and Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it’s ’bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens.”

A lady entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of Jane’s Experience. The clerk informed her that Jane hadn’t bottled her experience yet, but they could furnish Jayne’s Expectorant.

The fashion reporter who wrote with reference to a belle “ Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots,” tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: “ Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferryboats.”

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

It was after a concert, and a prominent German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madam. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah, yes, of course! I did not mean —— But why did you select such a cow to sing with?" "Ach Himmel, that is my present husband!"

While Mrs. Bascom was in town she saw a young lady and gentleman playing lawn tennis. "Wal, I declar'!" she said, turning to Ebenezer, "they keep 'em separated with a net now-a-days, don't they?"

There is a wealthy brewer in Montreal who built a church, and inscribed on it: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson, at his sole expense. Hebrews, XX. chapter." Some of the McGill College wags got a ladder one night, and altered, "by Thomas Molson at his soul's expense. He brews (double) XX."

A fashionable but illiterate New York lady, traveling on the Continent writes to a friend that she has just seen the museum of iniquities in Genoa, and she does think it is perfectly splendid.

“My real number is six, but my hand will bear squeezing,” is what she said to the young man at the glove-counter. And the great thick-headed lunatic got her a pair of five and a half gloves without finding out how much squeezing her hand would bear.

A young gentleman remarked to his female companion, the other evening, “Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful.” “Was that her just went by?” quickly asked the young lady.

An absent-minded professor in going out of the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed: “I beg your pardon, madam!” Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of the former mishap, he called out, with a look of rage in his countenance, “Is that you again, you brute?”

“If it was not for the years couched upon his head,” wrote the obituary writer; and then he got right up and howled when the typesetter rendered it, “If it were not for his ears he could have stood upon his head.”

A little fellow who attends a Hartford primary school one day failed to come home at the usual hour, much to the alarm of the household, and after a long search he was found, some time after dark. This is his explanation of the circumstance: “I’ll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part way home with Mary —, and at the corner of a street, where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost.” It is suspected that this is not the first young gentleman who has been lost under similar circumstances.

“Have you any children?” demanded a house-renter; “yes,” replied the other solemnly, “six—all in the cemetery.” “Better there than here,” said the landlord, consolingly; and proceeded to execute the desired lease. In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent to play, but it was too late to annul the contract.

“He blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-bye with a gun.” “Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.” “A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs.”

A young man in Olathe, Kansas, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read, “If you muss my shirt bosom, and rub the buttons off my collar anymore, as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else,” she cried all the evening, and declares that she will never speak to him again.

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. “Want to pole the jury?” she repeated. “Yes, I do. Jes’ gimme the pole for two minutes,” and she had thrown off her bonnet and expectorated on the palms of her hands before the legal phrase could be explained by her counsel.

Senator Scott, talking to a Pennsylvania Sunday-school, recently, asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison? One of the teachers quietly prompted a boy to say that it was for a hostage, and the youth not quite catching the word, piped out, "He was detained for postage."

Soon after Chief Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them, and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste of selection. The proclamation meeting the eye of a Democratic editor, he pounced at once upon it, and declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end. That would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the Republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the governor, pronounced the charge libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had appeared in print before.

CHAPTER III

About Children

“Where yet was ever found a mother
Who’d give her booby for another.”

A SCHOOLBOY says it is better to pursue pleasure than to catch it.

“What you been a doin’?” asked a boy of his playmate whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. “I’ve been a chasin’ a birch rod round my father,” was the snarling reply.

Schoolmaster: “What is nothing?” Boy: “It is when a man asks you to hold his horse, and just says, ‘Thank you.’”

Sunday-school teacher to pupil, “Now, my little man, can you explain the cause of Adam’s fall?” Little man (emphatically), “Yes, sir; ’cause he hadn’t any ashes to throw on the sidewalk.”

A four-year-old boy recently complained that his teeth had trod on his tongue.

“Would you take the last cent a person has for a glass of soda water?” asked a Kankakee youth. “Yes,” responded the unthinking proprietor. Whereupon the hopeful pulled out the cent and got the drink.

A boy defines salt as the stuff that makes the potatoes taste bad when you don’t put on any.

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, “Oh, Lord, don’t let any one hurt me, and I’ll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money.”

Our schoolboy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out which is switch.

The deacon’s son was telling the minister about the bees stinging his pa, and the minister inquired: “Stung your pa, did they? Well, what did your pa say?” “Step this way a moment,” said the boy, “I’d rather whisper it to you.”

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make a boy holler.

A lady asked a pupil of a Sunday-school, "what was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the quick reply. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

A clergyman was recently telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said, "Now, pa, is that really true, or is it just preaching?"

A mother who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tombstone, and wondering of what it was an emblem. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. "Mamma," said the little one, as they moved away, "I shouldn't wonder if she died of the nightmare."

It was during a severe thunder shower that a maiden of four summers remarked: "Mother, it yains so hard Dod can't light his fire. He's burned up most a whole box of matches already."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than *mine*?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

A remarkably dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said: "How much do you weigh?" The answer was: "Well, about as much as you would if you were washed."

"How greedy you are," said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish, "I was going to take that."

The old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing boy upon his knees and stroking his shining tresses, said: "How I should like to feel like a child again." Little Johnnie ceased his laughter, and looking soberly up into his grandfather's face, remarked: "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

A little eight-year-old rushed into a teachers' examination at Oswego, N. Y., and bawled out, "Annie, your feller is down to the house." Annie didn't pass.

"There, now," cried little Bessie the other day rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

"Ma," said an intelligent boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother. "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

"Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, mamma?" "No, my dear." "If he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he have his hair cut?"

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. Then, after a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

"O, George, your sister is a nice girl, but she does dress her head up so." "Yes," said George; "but it is the fashion; there's nothing in it, you know."

A little boy who had been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

"So you don't care about donkey-riding, miss. And why?" "O, I've got a pony and one doesn't care about donkeys after that you know." "Has a pony got more legs than a donkey, then?" Miss (who does not like to be chaffed), "Yes; exactly twice as many as some donkeys that I know of."

A little girl, after noticing for some time the glittering gold stopping in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

"I never saw such a restless child!" exclaimed the mother, as she tried to fit the boy with a new jacket. The little fellow grew quiet and thoughtful for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed: "I know why I'm so, ma—the day God made me I guess the dust was flying awful."

"And why did Aaron make a golden calf?" Sharp child of the three-and-a-half: "Please, miss, because he hadn't got enough gold to make a cow."

A Danbury boy made a very handsome snow man about seven feet high, the other day, and robed it with his mother's sixty dollar Paisley shawl. He is saddest when he sits.

A little five-year-old girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with: "And please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "'tis too bad. You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A wee bit of a girl in Cusco, Wis., while at the breakfast-table a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give annuzer piece and send for the doctor!"

A little fellow who had just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his father if the word Hon. prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant honest.

A gentleman living in the suburbs was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little son exclaimed, "Don't take aim, papa, let it go off by accident!" "Why so?" asked the father. "'Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody."

A new style of boys' trousers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down in the seams, and waterproof pockets, to hold broken eggs.

One of our young ladies whose company is much prized by an enterprising merchant, took charge of a class of little girls the other Sunday. After the lesson, she told the children that if they wished to ask her any questions she would answer them. "Will you answer true?" asked a bright-eyed cherub. "Certainly," said the teacher. "Well, then," said the little one, hesitatingly, "do—do you love Mr. B——?"

"Do you understand me now?" thundered a country schoolmaster to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I've got an inkling of what you mean," replied the boy.

A little five-year-old boy at Hartford was asked by a lady a few days since for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rubbing it off." "No I ain't," was the quick rejoinder. "I'm rubbing it in!"

The old gentleman is snoring the snore of the virtuous in his easy chair. His youthful grandson rushes to his mother. "Oh, ma, grandpa is in the parlor—sleeping right out loud."

"My son," said a fond father, who was looking over the lesson his boy had recited that day, "how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis?" "O, father," said the boy, "I just stood spellbound."

"What part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the Burial of Sir John Moore do you like best?" The boy was thoughtful for a moment and then replied: "Few and short were the prayers we said."

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterward and said "there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red hot too."

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?" "No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul. The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter was fast in a mud hole, and while some suggested that he pull his horse gee, and others that he pull him haw, the ever-present small boy yelled, "It's no use, mister. Your old horse ain't stout enough. Take him out an' hitch in a roll of yer butter."

One of our august senators, who is getting a little bald, was the other day asked by his heir: "Papa, are you still growing?" "No, dear, what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

At a mission Sunday-school, not long since, a little boy was crying bitterly. The teacher upon inquiry learned that he had lost his mother, and she in sympathy remarked to the scholars that no one knew what a loss it was until they had lost a mother, and that Johnny had good cause for crying. At this moment a little urchin jumped up and said: "Oh, teacher, you just wait till he gets a stepmother, then you'll hear him cry!"

He sat alone in her father's parlor waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously into the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and anxiously inquired: "I say, mister, what 'r them?" "Those," replied the young man, solemnly, "those are beans." "There!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister who was just coming in the door, "I knew you lied; you said he didn't know beans, and he does, too."

A little boy recently became greatly enamored of a little toy trumpet which had been given him. One night as he was being put in his little bed, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother saying: "Here, gram'ma, you blow while I pray."

A boy was sent by his mother to saw some stove wood out of railroad ties. Going outdoors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the saw-horse with head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he didn't keep at his work? The boy replied: "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

Little boy, "Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother." Servant, "Doctor's out. Where do you come from?" Little boy, "What! Don't you know me? Why we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week!"

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What is your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

Little three-year-old asked his mother to let him have his building blocks to play with, but she told her darling that it was Sunday, and therefore not proper. "But, mamma," said the young hopeful, "I'll build a church." He got the blocks.

A man driving a wind-broken horse along Bridge street Saturday, was hailed by a small boy who enquired if the horse was for sale. The man didn't know but he was. "Wall," observed the little rascal, "they'd like to git about such a critter up to the church to blow the organ Sundays."

A schoolboy had just got his face fixed to sing "Let us love one another," when a snow ball hit him in the mouth and so confused him that he yelled: "Bill Sykes, just do that agin and I'll chaw your ear off."

A very young miss addressed her parental ancestor at the breakfast table one Sunday morning: "Pappy, I want a new hat and a pair of new shoes." "I s'pose so. What don't you want?" remarked the paternal. "Well," answered the quick-witted little miss, "I don't want any cigars."

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up into his face, Arthur said, solemnly, "My mother has tended to me."

A Sunday-school teacher was explaining the omnipresence of the Deity to his scholars, and ended by telling them that he was everywhere. Whereupon a red-headed boy asked: "Is he in my pocket?" The teacher replied that the question was rather profane but he would answer. "Yes, he is everywhere." "I've got you there," said the boy, "I ain't got no pocket."

A certain gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six years who came to the funeral said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes," was the reply: "but not till after the funeral!"

"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt us both we've about got the dog so he don't."

“Mother, what is an angel?” “An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies.” “But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?” “Well,” explained the mother, after a moment’s pause, “she’s going to fly immediately.”

A conductor on the New Haven & Hartford railroad received a telegram for one of his passengers the other day, and, going to the car door, he timidly inquired, “Is there a Hone in this car?” For an instant there was no response, when a youth squealed out, “Why don’t you use your boot leg?” This gave the conductor so much confidence that he bribed a brakeman to canvass the other cars.

A few years ago a gentleman who had lost his nose was invited out to tea. “My dear,” said the old lady of the house to her little daughter, “I want you to be very particular and make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins’ nose.” Gathered around the table, everything was going well; the child peeped about, looking rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: “Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins’ nose? He hasn’t got any.”

A small boy arose at a Sunday-school concert and began quite glibly: "A certain man went down to Jericho and fell—and fell——." Here his memory began to fail him. "And, and—fell by the roadside, and the thorns sprang up and choked him."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a sceptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

A clerical gentleman in examining the Sunday-school, asked the class before him if any could tell him anything about the apostle Peter. A little girl raised her hand much to the gratification of her examiner. "Come up here, my little girl," said he; "I am glad you remember your Bible lesson so well. Now tell the other boys and girls what you know about Peter." The little girl was quite willing, and commenced: "Peter, Peter, punkin-eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her; so he put her in a—" but before she could get to punkin shell the school was in a roar.

The title of the lesson was, "The Rich Young Man," and the golden text was, "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face, the child said, "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year hopeful an outfit of fishtackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked: "Do not worry, mother. I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

A promising young shaver of five or six years was reading his lesson at school one day in that deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

Very stern parent indeed, "Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?" Much injured youth, "It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin and now he blames me for it!"

At a school-board examination the inspector asked a boy if he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the inspector, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could; but," he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could if he was bigger than I am."

Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake, a South American pater-familias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fatal section.—The convulsions did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note procured their recall: "Dear P. — send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

A lady of Washington County is mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, not long since, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen for a few minutes, the little girl said, "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

A boy's composition. "Last summer our dog Towser was a lying in the sun a trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad he cuddent, cos he had to cetch em, and bime by a bee lit on his hed, and was a working a bout like the dog was hisn. Towser he hel his hed still, and, when the bee wos close to his nose, Towser winked at me, like he said you see what this duffer is a doin, he thinks I'm a lilly of the valley which issent open yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enuff Towser opened his mouth very slo so as not to fritten the bee, and the bee went inside Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shet his dreamy eyes, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peacefile smile wen the bee stung him, and you never see a lilly of the valley ack so in ol your life."

A Brooklyn boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, whom he described as a sect who never quarreled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."

There is a precocious six-year-old boy in Auburn, Me., who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony: "M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster, promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't exactly know what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it!"

A Sabbath-school teacher desirous of waking the dormant powers of a scholar, asked the question: "What are we taught by the historic incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel?" The cautious reply came: "Dunno 'zactly, but I s'pose 'twas to tell us we musn't rastle."

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CHAPTER IV

Miscellaneous

“ Hangs sorrow, care’ll kill a cat.”

“ DON’T you think, husband, that you are apt to believe anything you hear ? ” “ No, madam, not when you talk.”

A New Orleans juryman was asked by the judge if he ever read the papers. He replied : “ Yes, your honor ; but if you’ll let me go this time, I’ll never do so any more.”

“ Have you heard my last speech ? ” asked a political haranguer of a wit. “ I sincerely hope so,” was the reply.

A young woman once married a man by the name of Dust against the wish of her parents. After a short time they began to quarrel, and she attempted to return to her father’s house, but he refused to receive her, saying, “ Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shall return.” And she got up and dusted.

Kate Sanborn inquires : " Why are men of genius so often bachelors ? " " We suspect it is because they are born so."

" Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a facetious boy ; " I am your father." " Well, who's to blame for that ? " said the young impertinence, " 'tain't me."

A city fop who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, " Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

" Ah ! " yawned a bachelor, " this world is but a gloomy prison." " To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

A few days since, a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, " Take it, you are welcome ; our ears are always open to the distressed." " That may be," replied the recipient, " but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

Weary person on evening visit: "Aw, 'm just out of a sick bed." Terrible boy: "Say, Mr. Johnson, what ails yer bed?"

"Hope for bald heads!" angrily explains the editor of the *Jersey City Journal*, after reading the heading of a newspaper advertisement. "Hope, is not what we want. We need hair."

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," rejoined she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand; "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife."

"What's the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man the other day of a friend. "Oh! you ought to try it once and see," was the reply.

"Nothing," said an impatient husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk." "But you forget, dear," returned the wife, meekly, "that it was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

A good woman, seeing a youth emerge from a tavern, said: "I am sorry to see you *come* out of such a place." To which the young man responded: "Why, madam, would you have me stay there all the time?"

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger, of a newsboy, yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy, "are you lonesome?"

"So, here I am, between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "'True,'" was the reply; "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

A young man who thought he had won the heart, and now asked the hand in marriage, of a certain young widow, was asked by her, "What is the difference between myself and Mr. Baxley's Durham cow?" He naturally replied, "Well, I don't know." "Then," said the widow, "you had better marry the cow."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied a Talleyrand, "away from you."

A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to discant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! how I do wish he had not died!"

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I'm glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more than you."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said the friend, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

"Do you really believe, Mr. Podkin, that anybody could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am, I should think they might," said Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butter plate; "somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on election day, "I am very glad to see you." "You needn't be," replied the wag. "I've voted."

According to a Cincinnati paper, John Thomas was recently sued by Hester Prim for breach of promise. "John Thomas, come into court!" shouted the constable. "John Thomas needn't come in to court me any more," said Hester, primly.

"At what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "at the parson age."

Apropos of the Grahamite theory is the story of old Sam Johnson's definition of oatmeal. He hated the Scotch with an irrepressible malignity, and never lost an opportunity to express himself on the subject. When engaged on his famous dictionary he came to the word oatmeal, and described it as follows: "A substance that is given to horses in England and to men in Scotland." One of the Edinburgh professors saw it, and said: "Ay, and what splendid horses you have in England, and what splendid men we have in Scotland!"

"A fellow must sow his wild oats, you know," exclaimed the adolescent John. "Yes," replied Annie, "but one shouldn't begin sowing so soon after cradling."

The father of a boy whose veracity is not so marked as his back, asked the teacher why his son didn't have a better acquaintance with figures, and was considerably electrified when the teacher tenderly observed, "I really don't know, unless it is because figures won't lie."

"Can you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

One night Jones came home very late, and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a caudle lecture. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat and, resting his elbows on his knees, seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, "Poor Smith, poor fellow." Mrs. Jones, moved by curiosity, said, sharply, "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah," said Jones, "his wife is giving him fits just now." Mrs. Jones let her husband off that time.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten didn't set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey."

An old citizen in a country village, on having a subscription list handed him toward purchasing a new hearse for the place, thus excused himself: "I paid five dollars for a new hearse forty years ago, and me and my folks hain't had the benefit of it yet."

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a cornfield. "Well, work away," said his industrious father, "you know the prophet says, 'Ho every one that thirsteth.'"

A commercial traveler, who is something of a wag, thus relates his experience. He and his companion were the sole occupants of the smoking-car. They tried to converse but the road was so rough they were pitched from side to side like ship's passengers. At last they were able to make each other understood. One said, "Dan, the old thing is running smoother." To which Dan replies, "Yes, I guess she's off the track."

“Can’t you make any allowance for a man’s being drunk?” “Certainly,” said the judge. “I’ll allow you thirty days in the workhouse.”

Landlady—(to boarder who has passed his cup six times) “You are very fond of coffee, Mr. Smith.” Mr. Smith—“Yes, ma’am, it looks as if I was when I am willing to swallow so much water for the sake of getting a little.”

A young man charged with being lazy was asked if he took it from his father. “I think not,” was the reply; “father’s got all the laziness he ever had.”

“My dear boy,” said a fond aunt to a fast living nephew, “don’t you know that in leading this irregular life, you are shortening your days?” “It’s quite possible,” was the cool reply, “that I may be shortening my days, but then look how I am lengthening my nights?”

A man with a long nose had the end of it frostbitten. A friend remarked, “You should have rubbed it, and prevented the calamity.” He replied that he did, as far as he could reach.

“D’ye mean to say that this is lamb?” Butcher, “Cert’n’y, mum!” Old lady, “Maybe it was one; you and I was lambs about the same time.”

“I can’t pass you to-night,” said the door-keeper of one of our theatres to an inveterate dead head. “Well, I don’t want you to pass me,” said the dead head. “You just stay where you are, and I’ll pass you—and he passed.”

He, “By Jove, you know—upon my word—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life.” She, “Haven’t you seen a ghost?”

An American, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill, and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. “Ah!” said the man, “but I didn’t eat the waiter!”

A western journalist tells us what he would do if he were a jackass. A rival journalist remarks that what people desire to know is, what he would do if he wasn’t one.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady. "A ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

There are some persons who can't take a joke. Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg. "I have always moved."

"If I were as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the sidewalk." "Yes," was the response; "some persons are flat on one end, and some on the other."

"The caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to me," says a correspondent, "the other day, when I asked an eastern friend of mine, whose family were not noted for very active habits, 'Was not your father's death very sudden?' Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied, 'Waal, rather sudden, for him.'"

He was twitted of his baldness and retorted sharply: "Well, there are two things you never saw in this world, a red-headed nigger or a bald-headed fool."

A howling young swell stood in the vestibule of a theatre scowling savagely at a countryman near by who had been staring at him for several minutes, and said: "What do you take me for, anyhow?" "Wal, stranger," replied the granger, "I've been a sizin' you up purty well for a second or so, and I wouldn't take you, just as you stand, at any price—unless I was awful hard up for fertilizing material."

A musician, noticing that his friends wearied at his performance, remarked: "You are aware that this is a very difficult passage." "I wish it was impossible," replied one.

The young man with presence of mind resides in Detroit. Just as he was lifting his hat to a couple of young ladies on Woodward avenue, a boy ran a sled against his legs, and the fashionable young man turned half a dozen pigeon-wings and came down on all fours. Picking his hat up without so much as a frown, he remarked to the ladies: "I am always subject to these dizzy spells in winter."

“Young man,” said the landlord, “I always eat the cheese rind.” And the new boarder replied, “Just so; I am leaving this for you.”

It is related of a sentimental Newark youth, who made a call upon a young lady, that, getting short of something to say, he remarked: “How sad it is, the frost has killed everything green!” Whereupon the lady arose with tears in her eyes, and shook his hand warmly, exclaiming: “No, not everything. You, thank heaven, have been spared.”

A drunken Congressman said to Horace Greeley one day: “I am a self-made man.” “Then, sir,” replied the philosophical Horace, “the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility.”

An Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend: “Our teacher is a donkey.” The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word “driver” to the legend and opened the school with prayer as usual.

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss: "Madame, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I did not know it was you."

As a young couple were out riding the other evening, the young man ventured to ask for a kiss. The lady was much surprised—as all young ladies affect to be when such a request is made—and asked him what good it would do him. "Oh," replied the young man, "it would make one feel so gay and lively." "Well, Charley, if as you say, a kiss is apt to make one feel so gay and lively, I think if we expect to get home before morning you had better get out at once and kiss the old horse."

A witness, in describing certain events, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

Financial: "They tell me you've had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg sadly, "it left me long ago."

“Do you think,” asked Mrs. Pepper, “that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?” “Certainly not, ma’am,” replied a gallant philosopher; “it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it.”

“Nice weather for corn!” said a minister up the valley to one of his parishioners, the other day. “Yes,” said the old farmer, “but bad for grain and grass.” A few days later they met again. “A fine rain we had yesterday,” said the minister; “good for grass and grain.” “Yes,” was the reply, “but awful bad for corn.”

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. “My dear,” says he to her, “shall I help you over the fence?” “No,” says she to him, “help the fence.”

A story is told of a cool Bostonian when undergoing a cross-examination. General Butler had badgered him unmercifully, and finally said with a mixture of solemnity and fierceness, “Can you look me in the eye and repeat that?” The witness looked at him a moment and asked quietly, “Which eye?”

“How are ye, Smith,” said Jones. Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly: “Sir, you have the advantage of me.” “Yes, I suppose so. Everybody has that’s got common sense.”

There is a story of a traveler, who, wishing to reach Taunton, in the state of Massachusetts, had somewhat got turned around and was trotting along very composedly in the opposite direction from the right one to that town. Meeting a farmer in the road, he drew up and asked, “How far is it to Taunton, if I keep straight on?” “Well,” said the farmer, with a twinkle in his intelligent eye, “if ye keep straight on the way ye are going now, it’s about twenty-five thousand miles; if ye turn right round and go t’other way, it’s about half a mile.”

A composer once brought a manuscript to Rossini, who, on listening, every minute took off his hat and put it on again. The composer asked whether he was so warm. “No,” said Rossini: “but I am in the habit of taking off my hat whenever I meet an old acquaintance, and there are so many I remember in your composition, that I have continually to bow.”

“What did the Puritans come to this country for?” asked a Massachusetts teacher of a class in American history! “To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same,” was the reply.

A sceptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: “How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?” “Well,” replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, “I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass.”

A young man went into a florist's store the other day to buy a rosebud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. “Will it keep?” inquired the young man. “Oh, yes, a long while.” “Then you may keep it.” Exit young man.

“What's that?” he asked his landlady, as she set his cup by his plate. “Coffee,” was the prompt and decisive reply. “Ah,” innocently remarked the boarder, with an air of interest, “and what is it made of?” And there was silence around the table for the space of half an hour.

A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment the brute remarked that it was very hard if a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

“What a nuisance!” exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. “Did you refer to *me*, sir?” threateningly demanded the fop. “Oh, no; I meant the musicians there, who keep up such noise with their instruments that I can’t hear your conversation.”

A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery she said: “The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did.”

A clerk in a city book store, thinking to annoy a Quaker customer who looked as though he was fresh from the country, handed him a volume, saying: “Here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves.” “Thee had better present it to thy mother, young man,” was the spontaneous retort of the Quaker.

Irascible old party, "Conductor, why didn't you wake me as I asked you?" Conductor, "I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried: "Angeline, dearest, make me the happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw, Angeline thrilled in every fibre as she replied sweetly: "Oh, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."

A peddler called on a Uniontown lady to dispose of some goods, and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road on which no peddler had travelled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one and that is the road to heaven."

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Zekill, don't tell anybody you beau'd me home." "Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind, I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Clough, in one of his recently published letters, tells a story of an aged Calvinist woman, who, being asked about the Universalists, said, "Yes, they expect everybody will be saved but we look for better things."

When the renowned Mrs. Siddons was playing in Dublin, in the well-known tragedy of "Macbeth," she, as Lady Macbeth came to that part where a drum sounds and she exclaims, "A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come." There was some difficulty or neglect in obtaining the necessary instruments, and to her amazement a trumpet sounded. She immediately saw how absurd it would be to say "drum" while the well-known sound of the other met the ears of the vast audience, and she said, "A trumpet! a trumpet!" and stopped short amid breathless silence, not knowing how to rhyme it, when a voice from the gallery called out, "Macbeth doth stump it!" at which the house broke out in one peal of laughter and applause, and the tragedienne advanced to the foot-lights and bowed her acknowledgments for the relief. She afterward tried to find out who it was, but failed to do so, and never forgot what she considered the most genuine piece of wit she had ever met with in all her experience.

Between new-made lovers: "Then, Adelgitha, you will be mine?" "Yes, Ferdinand, if pa is willing. I always do what he wants me to." "But will he give his consent?" "He will. Pa always does what I want him to."

Whiskey is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

A few days since a man convicted of drunkenness stood up before His Honor at the police court, and His Honor said, in his slow, solemn way: "I'll give you ten dollars or thirty days." "Well, I'll take the ten dollars, squire," said the fellow.

A man who don't know anything will tell you it the first chance he gets.

"Who was the doubting disciple?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Peter," promptly replied the smart boy. "No, Thomas," said the teacher. "Then what do people always say Petered out for?" asked the smart bad boy.

A satirical innkeeper in Wytheville, Va., advertises his house as the "only second-class hotel in the world."

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."

John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat, "pass on."

And Ananias stood forth. This is said to have been so that some modern liars could stand first, second and third.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

The following correspondence explains itself: "Dear Mrs. Jones, Please let me have a dozen tomatoes if you can." Sallie Smith: "Dear Mrs. Smith, We are not going to can; we propose to pickle."

The sweet singer of Michigan says, that, like Bryant, she desires to die in June; which, it seems to us, is putting it off too long.

Professor, "What is a monarchy?" Freshman, "A people governed by a king." Professor, "Who would reign if the king should die?" Freshman, "The queen." Professor, "And if the queen should die?" Freshman, "The jack."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says the peculiarity of croquet is that no brains have ever been knocked out in the game.

"Madam, don't you know that your baby will catch its death of cold there?" "No, sir," she responded. "Well, it's such carelessness as that which fills our cemetery with little graves," he continued. "While all the old fools continue to live," she replied.

A clergyman in Iowa, a few days since, warned his congregation against trying to hide their souls behind a five-cent piece!

So many murderers about to be hanged hope to meet us all in heaven, that we have about concluded to start for the other place.

A Chicago paper, referring to a new minister, said: "His prayer was the most eloquent that was ever addressed to a Chicago audience."

They were discussing an elopement, and one lady turning to her friend said: "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband was to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the cool reply. "Great joy sometimes kills."

A woman is never thoroughly interested in a newspaper article until she reaches the place where the balance is torn off.

A lady much addicted to gadding was suddenly taken ill. She requested her husband to run for a physician. The obedient spouse said: "But where shall I find you when I get back again?"

First lady, "Dear me, I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale." Second lady, "Nor I; she's probably been out in the rain without an umbrella."

A man in New York has a watch which he claims has gained time enough to pay for itself in six months.

When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, don't leave any hams lying around loose.

The small-minded swindler arrested for stealing railroad passes deserves the severest condemnation. If he had simply stolen the railroad itself he might have become an honored and respected member of the Wall street board of brokers.

To prevent his being rejected by another woman a Michigander vaccinated himself with a shot-gun.

A young man in western Illinois advertised for a wife, his sister answered the "ad," and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's pretty hard to have two fools in the family.

An observing writer says no true woman will ever marry a man so tall that she cannot reach his hair.

The gang of burglars who work for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents, know how a country minister feels next day after a donation visit.

Buzz-saw *Item*—Henry Stanaker, of Palestine, Texas. In his life he was lovely, and in his death he was divided.

A divine passing a fashionable church, on which a new spire was being erected, was asked how much higher it was to be: "Not much; that congregation don't own very far in that direction."

Unto the good little boy shall be given the pic-nic ticket, but the wicked son shall recline on his mother's knee.

It is to be hoped that Congress will soon see the propriety of adjourning, to the end that the telegraphic instruments needed for the transmission of baseball news may not be occupied by Washington matters.

The editor of an Illinois paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. We wonder whose hens he raises.

The bloodhound of the "Uncle Tom Cabin Company," broke loose last week and killed the donkey. The dog was rather mean to pick out the best actor in the company.

When a young boy gets so he's ashamed to sit on his mother's lap, look out for something. He's probably in business for himself—holding somebody else.

"That butter is all right," said a boarding-house keeper. "It is firkin butter and tastes of the wood a little. That's all." "If that is the case," replied a boarder, who is a contractor, "I should like to get some of that wood to make railroad bridges out of."

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

Jay Gould, it is said, is looking for an illustration for the tombstone to be erected upon the new \$40,000 plot at Woodlawn cemetery. How would a shorn lamb do? It would be kind of suggestive of life's work, and melancholy enough for a tombstone.

A paper speaking of a family who made a fortune out of whiskey, says: "They live on Twenty-third street, in a perfect delirium-tremens of splendor."

A Danbury man who bought a second-hand bedstead at auction has sent it to Professor Agassiz, the celebrated entomologist.

The manufacture of paper from wood has reached the altitude of perfection in Canada. The superintendent of a mill up there says: "A tree is cut down and shoved in one end of the mill, and five minutes later there is a neighbor to borrow the newspaper."

A butcher recently found a shawl-pin in a cow he was cutting up into steaks. It is supposed the animal had swallowed a milkmaid.

"What is a yacht?" we inquired of a long, gaunt coddler, who was lounging about the wharf. "What's a yot?" said the fisherman. "Well, you get any sort of craft you please, and fill her up with liquor and seegyars and get your friends on board and have a high old time, and that's a yot!"

Enthusiastic Pedestrian, "Am I traveling on the right road for Stratford—Shakespeare's town, you know? You've heard of him?" Intelligent British Rustic, "Yees; be you he?"

A young Vermonter offers his hand to a nice little dairy-maid, saying, "If you don't choose it, cheese it." She chose it.

A wag, the other day, asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other. "Do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon including yourself?"

Adam had one consolation when he fell. Fifteen or twenty acquaintances did not stand on the opposite corner and laugh at his mishap.

A rural editor has lost faith in the luck of horseshoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven stops, and a man called with a revolver to ask, "Who wrote that article?"

It is a solemn thing for a penniless young man to lead a blushing bride up to the altar and promise to endow her with all his worldly goods.

"How's your husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?" "No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

Mr. Moffatt of Ohio tried to melt a bullet out of his gun. He succeeded. Aged sixty-two.

A little boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma, I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A Wisconsin book agent has been killed by the kick of a horse—man's most faithful friend.

An unintelligent foreigner, who is quite unable to understand and appreciate American manners, writes home that when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to forget to order any statue, and last, to wonder what became of the money.

It is better to be alone in the world than to bring up a boy to play on the accordeon.

Never insult a man because he is poor in purse or raiment; for beneath a ragged coat it may be that a muscle lies concealed that could put a head on the oldest man in the business.

A western editor speaks of a wind that just sat on his hind legs and howled.

A Montana woman sued for divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl. "You want this man punished?" said the judge. "I do," said she. "Then I shall not divorce you from him," said the judge.

Our west, when a lazy man is seen at work they say he is meddling with industry.

A stranger with an impediment in his speech, having closely examined our cemetery, anxiously inquired of a friend, "Where do you b-b-ury your s-s-s-sinners?"

A confectioner at the south end advertises broken hearts for thirteen cents a pound.

A Poughkeepsie parent lately induced a croupy youngster to make quite a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, but the latter proved to be a nice syrup of squills. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted to.

An armless Milwaukee woman boxes her husband's ears with her feet.

"If I ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

A little girl suffering from the mumps declared that she "felt as if a headache had slipped down into her neck."

This is the sort of notice that an Oregon lecturer gets from his village newspaper: "Colonel Jo. Meek has shouldered his jaw-bone, and will tell the people more than they ever dreamt of about mining."

Every married woman is personally acquainted with a married man who will sit right alongside of a stove and let the fire go out.

It is an actual fact, demonstrated beyond a doubt, that the sound of a fiddle in the house will drive rats away. You see the rats don't own any property and can get away as well as not.

A Western paper announces the coming star actor who will show our benighted citizens how Shakespeare ought to be slung.

If a man doesn't know anything, and doesn't even know that he doesn't know anything, he is pretty sure to take upon himself the larger part of the conversation.

It requires great moral strength and tenacity of purpose to enable a man to sleep till seven in the morning when an industrious fly has decided that he had better get up at half-past four.

Post office clerks are said generally to express a wish that persons who write the address of their letters diagonally may die agonized.

A tramp called at a house on West Hill the other day and asked for something to eat. He was so thin, he said, that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a touch of the colic, or the backache.

A New Haven man says, the longest funeral he ever heard of took place a week ago. His hired girl went off to it and hasn't got back yet.

An amorous swain declares that he is so fond of his girl, that he has rubbed the skin from his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

A scientist says angle-worms do not suffer when put on the hook. 'They wriggle around out of pure joy, we suppose, the same as a man does when a good-looking woman steps on his corns.

A gentleman dining at a cheap restaurant the other day was heard to give the courageous order: "Waiter, let the cheese move this way."

When an Indiana girl gets tired of a lover and determines to dismiss him, she doesn't throw much fresco work into her speech: "I guess you can pull off now, Sam," is her icy remark; "this egg won't hatch."

A countryman in a short discourse on love says: "It does 'pear like the girls go half way, but it 'pears like a team of oxen couldn't draw 'em t'other half."

A man will sit on a picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour and he will wobble all over the seat.

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

A competent authority says you must always lie with your feet to the equator. We have known several excellent liars who have shortened their lives many years by neglecting to observe this rule.

A Boston man has listened to fifty-one Fourth of July orations. He can still sit up by leaning against something, but he is delirious at times.

• Salt Lake has been victimized by a showman, who announced that he would cause a human body to appear and disappear before the audience. He appeared, got their money and disappeared.—He filled the programme.

While putting on a clean shirt a Hartwell, Ga., man fell over a trunk and broke his collarbone. But he says, he's going to try it again when he gets well.

A Kentucky paper speaks of a man who had a narrow escape from a sun stroke, he having stood only two feet from a man who was struck.

A Yankee was asked if he crossed the Alps mountains. "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass over some risin' ground."

Philip E. Martin, who recently died in Sherman, was a man of marked purity and uprightness. With a single exception of twenty-three years ago, when he took a few lessons on a violin, his life has been blameless.

Who hath woe—who hath sorrow? Well, that Nevada man who traded a mule for a wife feels about as red around the eye as any of 'em.

"Did you ever think of me while you were gone?" tenderly asked a woman of her husband, who had just returned from Florida. He said he did—once. It was when he saw an alligator's jaw.

A woman in Columbia, Pa., dislocated her jaw while scolding her husband, and could neither speak nor close her mouth. He has not walked so slowly in ten years as he did while going after the doctor.

The following from an exchange just fits the groove: Don't loaf about the street and depend on the Lord for your daily bread. He isn't running a bakery.

We have been often told that there was a future in store for us, but we have never found the store where it was kept. It must be one of those establishments that do not advertise.

The editor of the Duluth *Herald* publishes a proclamation saying, "We shall jerk a living out of this city during the coming winter, or we are much mistaken."

"Do you love me still?" Mrs. Harkins asked, as her husband was trying to write an important letter. "Yes, I do," said Harkins; and it was the emphasis that broke her heart.

A man was boasting that he had been married twenty years and have never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to.

A Danbury man, who was trying to shelter himself in a doorway from the rain on Sunday, had the mournful pleasure of seeing five of his umbrellas go by.

"Lemme die now," gasped an Ohio farmer. "I've lived to see a woman git thirty-one yards of cloth into one dress, and I'm ready to pull up stakes now."

The census shows that the number of persons in a family in the United States is a small fraction over five. In some families we know, the husband is the small fraction over.

Mr. Edgar Bascom was taken to the insane asylum at Hartford this morning—just three months from the day his son Joseph purchased a fiddle.

Six days of the week he's invisible, and on the seventh he's incomprehensible, was the account which a dissatisfied old lady gave of her pastor and his ministrations.

A man from Placerville, Cal., when asked by a Saratoga waiter what he would have for breakfast, replied: "Well, I rather guess I'll just flop my lip over a chicken."

They tried to scare a man in Missouri by threatening to tar and feather him; but he replied: "Come on with your old tar; I've been there six times and I've got a receipt for washing it off."

A citizen of Detroit, who has been exploring in the northern part of the State, says he never realized how wicked he was until he was chased three miles by a bear.

Said a Detroit lady to a gentleman of that city: "You are not a musician, I believe?" "No," said he. "If I were the proprietor of a hand organ, set expressly to play Old Hundred, I couldn't get seventy-five out of it."

If you want to find out a man's real disposition, take him when he is wet and hungry. If he is amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have got an angel.

An Albany man who was demonstrating to a crowd that there was no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to shin up a barber's pole when a small yellow dog came rushing up the street.

A lodging-house fiend tells the story that, in a thunderstorm, the warring of the elements was so awe-inspiring that the hair in a dish of butter in the pantry turned completely white during the night.

An exchange says that a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

A man whose eyesight was not good was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest drinking saloon, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

Science says that it took millions of years to evolve man from the clam; observation shows that it takes less than a minute to transfer the clam into a man.

A candidate for a situation as school-teacher in Florida, being asked the shape of the earth, replied: "Well, some folks likes it round and some likes it flat, and I've jinnerly teachd it both ways."

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills west for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked "dead." Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked "still dead."

The *Utica Herald* says it is some consolation to see a bald-headed insurance man. You don't know that justice has been dealt out to him, but you think perhaps it has.

"You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Thompson, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty. "Well," said the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just forty-three days, as I shall have to send you up for that time."

A Chicago woman dipped her feet in the Mississippi river at St. Louis, the other day and the effect was noticed as far as Memphis, where the water rose several inches.

"I don't blame Paul," she said. "If I was a man, I'd want women to be meek and quiet and let me have my own way; and if I was a 'postle I'd tell 'em they'd be everlastingly lost if they didn't. But, sir, women see things different; and I sha'n't support Jim Parker or any other lazy man, and be meek and obedient, Paul or no Paul."

Professor, "In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class express great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

How is this? Professor J. S. Newberry charges a dollar admission to a lecture in which he says he don't know where men came from. Colonel Ingersoll, on the other hand, charges seventy-five cents admission to a lecture in which he tells us he don't know where we are going to. Will some savant have the kindness to tell us where we are?

A Colorado woman has learned to use the lasso so deftly that she can stand in the door and haul the hat off the lightning-rod peddler while he is unfastening the gate.

Mary Hogan was a Shakeress; but she didn't like the ways of those too retiring people, so she eloped with and married Brother Jackson. When interviewed by some of the scandalized brethren, Mary is reported to have said: "You can make your apple sass and warrant it to keep; but gals ain't apples, and you can't bile 'em down so they won't sour on your old rules about marrying."

Rector, "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Jarvis." Jarvis, "Yes, sur they be. Ah, sur, if we was all on us on'y as fit to die as them are, we'd do!"

A woman out on North hill, being counted out the other morning, after a debate on the question, "Who shall rise and build the fire?" got up and split her husband's wooden leg into kindling wood, and broiled his steak with it. It made him so mad that he got hold of her false teeth and bit the dog with them. She cried until she had a fit of hysterics, and then fillipped out his glass eye, and climbed upon the bed post and waxed the glaring eye to the ceiling with a quid of chewing gum. Then he took her wisp of false hair and tied it to a stick, and began whitewashing the kitchen with it. Then she started off to obtain a divorce, but Judge Newman decided that he could not grant a divorce unless there were two parties to the suit, and there was hardly enough of them to make one.

An exchange says fashionable people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose somebody invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after things.

Just as an auctioneer was saying "Gone?" his audience went through the floor into the cellar, but happily without hurting any of them. The auctioneer, as soon as he found his legs, remarked that the accident would enable him to sell lower than before, and called for a bid, and they bid him "Good-night."

The Cleveland police picked up a man a day or two ago in the streets who appeared to be laboring under great mental disease, but on applying soothing remedies he came to himself and explained matters. The *Ledger* says, "that when he left his happy home in the morning his wife kissed him good-bye, as is her custom when she wants any errand performed, and then asked him to go to the dressmaker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and be sure to tell her, said the wife, that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing, and box-plaited below the equator, which should be gathered in hem-stitched gudgeons up and down the seams with gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of fluting the bobinette insertion, and piecing out with point appliqué, as I suggested yesterday."

A fond husband boasted to a friend: "Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night." "Did she, Bill; what did she say?" "She said, 'Well, old Beeswax, come to supper.'"

Jones says the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proven a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he bought the suit it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing his eldest son, who weighs one hundred pounds less than Jones senior, found the suit an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments which shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of creeping clothes. This year Jones' wife uses them as a dish cloth. Where all the flannel has shrunk to Jones doesn't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture which would explain it, and pay double price.

The *Boston Post*, in noting the fact that a fellow who committed suicide in the New York Tombs could speak six dead languages, says, "He ought to make a sociable corpse."

An Iowa journal speaks of a man having been lynched for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law. Any man who will burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.

This may seem a work of supererogation, he remarked, as he went down to the front gate, and commenced operations on the hinges with a feather and a bottle of oil. But the critical period is approaching when a young man has to be handled very delicately, and just the least little bit of a set back may throw things. The smallest creak might be disastrous; and this gate's got to stand for two more besides Imogene.

Photographer, "Madam, why do you persist in moving so near the camera?" Old Lady, "You see, I'm a little near-sighted, and I'm afeared I won't take a good pichter so far off."

A correspondent asks: "What is the best method of feeding cattle in winter?" We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining room and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

The *Oil City Derrick* suggests: When you see a bee backing up toward you, spreading his coat-tail as he comes, and there is no other avenue of escape, cut your throat from ear to ear.

A man took a seat on the head of an empty flour barrel and remarked: "I got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was——" At this point the head fell in and the man, or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like a schooner's masts. He was helped out, and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of the earnest entreaties of the crowd he would not go on with the story.

The humblest can do something toward making the local paper interesting. If you can't be a defaulting bank clerk you can at least step on an orange peel and sprain your ear.

A new biographer of Artemus Ward says the genial humorist usually wrote with one leg over the arm of his chair. We had always supposed he wrote with a pen or a pencil; but to write with one leg over the arm of a chair is not so difficult as to write with one arm over the leg of a chair.

Every once in a while some scientist rises and says the moon is dead. This scientific fact is what makes young lovers linger at the gate and look up at the corpse.

When a Boston girl "sets" at her husband, she says, "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee, and f—ly to my parental home!" When a Chicago girl becomes similarly affected, she simply remarks, "Old man, I'm going to get away; and if you don't like it, just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me!"

A San Juan miner, who had been prospecting in southwestern Colorado has found a whole forest of petrified trees with petrified birds sitting on the limbs singing petrified songs.

A philosophical Kentuckian who had but one shirt, and was lying in bed while the garment was drying on the clothesline in the yard, was startled by an exclamation from his wife to the effect that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Kentuckian, with a spirit worthy of a better cause, "well, them who has must lose."

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes open; now that thou art married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

"What is the difference," asked the teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence!" said Tommy Beales. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.

Everybody thought it was a match and so did he, and so did she; but last evening, at a croquet party, she hit her pet corn a whack with the mallet that sounded like a torpedo and he laughed. "We meet as strangers," she wrote on her cuff and showed it to him. "Think of me no more," he whispered huskily.

A Folsom, Cal., hog drank so much sour lager, thrown out of a brewery the other day, that it became thoroughly drunk, and behaved in a most discreditable manner for a hog.

People are unnecessarily troubled about the ice crop. A man on Friday saw a bit of ice on the flagging and at once sat down on it so hard as to settle it into the stone nearly an inch. He says he wanted to make sure of knowing where to find it next summer.

"Yes," said she, "a dish of ice cream relaxes the muscles of my heart, but two dishes—oh, two dishes! makes me feel as though I could love on and on, forever."

Don't neglect your penmanship. A man in New York got \$64,009 from a banker for being a good writer. It is not yet known how many years he will get.

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend her house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow buried, he said he guessed that she'd better shoot with an axe.

All hairpins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit and come home and find a hairpin near the gate, and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face.

An inebriate stranger precipitated himself downstairs, and on striking the landing reproachfully apostrophized himself with: "If you'd been a-wanting to come downstairs, why in thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you, an' showed you the way?"

A western poet who had expressed a wish to die amid the grand solitude of the eternal mountain-tops, was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.

A farmer gives this bit of advice, which contains a good hint: "If you want the boys to stay on the farm, do not bear on too hard when the boy is turning the grindstone."

A kind-hearted clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer-meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.

A man in Sacramento read on a sign, "Oysters in every style for twenty-five cents," so he went in and had a raw, fry, stew, pan roast and fancy roast, and when he got through he put down a quarter, saying to the astonished caterer, "That's what your sign says."

Some wicked fellow got into a Vermont church vestry just after the deacons and the clergymen had held a meeting there. And he left four beer bottles and a whiskey flask, all empty, and two packs of cards under the table. And when the sewing society came an hour later and discovered the articles, didn't things just hum?

An Indiana man bet ten dollars that he could ride a fly-wheel in a saw mill, and as his widow paid the bet, she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

An excellent man, uptown, who rebuked a youthful friend for devoting too much of his life to horses, was so overcome when the other replied that life was but a span, that he was obliged to go home and lie down and take a little rhubarb out of a decanter.

A woman is imbued with a feeling of joy and kindness second only to that of the angels, but she can never wash out a pair of men's cassimere pants and have them set as well as they did before—nor behind either.

The religious papers are discussing the monotonous question, Ought clergymen to wear moustaches? We think, as cold weather comes on, they should, and on days of extreme severity they might add a pair of trousers and a thick vest.

About the first bit of Scripture a boy gets knocked into him is when he is barefooted and steps on a bee. Then he realizes that there is a time to dance.

Smith (after telling a whopper): "I assure you, Jones, if I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it." Jones, "Ha—h'm—well, you know, I didn't see it."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys don't you ever wait for summit to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

Some schoolgirls in Pennsylvania were attacked by rattlesnakes and frightened them away by flaunting their red petticoats. "Dear, dear! why didn't Eve think of that?"

A spread-eagle orator of New York wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flew a mile."

Men differ. For instance, there is the same difference between Jay Gould and some other men we know of that there is between \$15,000,000 and fifteen cents. One of whom we are which.

A country doctor has had his portrait painted, and a local art-critic declares that you can feel saws and things rasping over your bones, and taste calomel, blue-pill, and quinine, as you look at it.

A barber in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he had missed that whetstone ever since haying time last July, and had looked all over a ten acre lot for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear.

An exchange puts a solemn truth in a novel and pungent way when it says that "some men wear their best pants out in the knees in winter getting religious, and the seats of their trousers out in summer backsliding."

The real good, rich-toned pianos are scarcely ever heard; but the moment that a family becomes the possessor of a slam-whanger that sounds like a combination of a pair of cymbals and a crowbar falling on a brick pavement, every member of that family wastes its superfluous muscle on the key-board.

A Roman who recently returned from Philadelphia, informs us that a Keely motor consists of a pound of boarding-house butter shut up in an iron box. This statement will do much to restore confidence in the power of the motor.

A New York farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring elements, and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack; and then his wife laughed.

A party of young girls were driving away on an expedition for trailing arbutus, when the lady of the house shouted to her daughter in the party, "If you see any hoss redish on the way, Mirandy, don't you forget to git it."

A woman bought eleven yards of cloth and paid for it with butter, giving three pounds of butter for a yard. There was a stone weighing five pounds in the center of the crock, and the dealer cheated her a yard and a half in measuring the cloth. Who was ahead on that trade and how much?

An exchange says the Sandwich Islanders believe that Beelzebub walks the earth in the form of a woman. And now and then you will find a man in this country who believes so too, and that he has married the woman.

A man in Covington, Ky., made a bet the other day that he could drink a pint and a half of Cincinnati whiskey in twelve hours. He won the bet and his widow remarked at the funeral next day that it was the first money he had earned by hard labor in ten years.

We like to see a man reasonably quiet and peaceable, but when he stands in one place long enough for the wasps to build a nest in the seat of his pants, he ought to be kicked into some sort of resistance.

A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he had run seven miles and climbed a tree, with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in oftener than once in a lifetime.

"No," said the prominent member of a Vermont parish, "Jackson will never do for deacon. He hain't got the qualifications. Why, durn it, I've cheated him on a horse-trade myself."

An eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never joined places in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their business so stiddy as they do."

An idle fellow thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth the horse had, the horse shut his teeth to see how many fingers the man had, and although the horse and man exhibited equally poor taste yet it is hoped that the inspection was satisfactory to both.

A couple of neighbors became so inimical that they would not speak to each other; but one of them having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying: "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A lamented citizen in Montana, whose passion for horses led him out to the end of a convenient bough, and whose ultimate views of life were taken through a slip-noose, declared it to be his conviction (which was unanimous) that this world is all a hemp-tie show.

Two men escaped from the Pittsburg jail the other night, after digging six months to make a tunnel one hundred feet long. They left a note telling the sheriff they would meet him in heaven.

A Waterbury woman who weighed something over three hundred pounds got some anti-fat and took double doses of it, until the first thing she knew her skin was so loose that her nose hung off the end of her chin and her eyes were at each corner of her mouth.

A blind beggar at East Saginaw, Mich., had his eyesight restored rather suddenly by being pitched into a mud-puddle, and it had none of the properties of the Pool of Siloam, either. He showed his ingratitude by chasing the man who did it.

A man from Honey Lake saw a railroad train for the first time in his life, the other day, at Reno. In speaking of the wonder to a friend, he said: "The forward thing gin a couple of coughs, and then the whole string of 'em got up and started right off."

A fop while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, "make them cover the calf." "Heavens!" exclaimed the astounded artist, surveying his customer from head to foot, "I have not leather enough."

"Does it pay to steal?" asks the *Philadelphia Times*. It does, esteemed contemporary, it does. It doesn't pay the thief, but just think of the large number of criminal lawyers to whom it furnishes a fat living.

A clairvoyant trio, two women and a man, have been traveling in the south, pretending to cure epizootic by the laying on of hands. They practiced on a mule in Kentucky the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

A druggist of Bellows Falls, has been sent to prison for sixty days, "for selling liquor as a beverage." Wonder what they would have done with him if he had sold it as a liver pad or as wash for removing freckles.

A New Jersey farmer set an old straw stack on fire to scare out a fox, and three tramps crawled out of the smoke and upbraided him with his carelessness in not first jabbing around with a pitchfork to see if any one was there.

“Well, I swan, Billy,” said an old farmer to an undersized nephew who was visiting him, “when you take off that ’ere plug hat and spit two or three times there ain’t much left of you, is ther?”

A good brother in a church of Miami County, O., while giving in his experience not long ago said: “My brethren, I’ve been tryin’ this nigh on to forty years to serve the Lord and get rich both at once, and I tell yer it’s mighty hard sleddin’.”

A girl who formerly lived in St. Louis, writes from Colorado to an old friend: “This is the handsomest 200 acres I ever put my foot down on.” Her father ought to get 100 acres more and have a lawn around her foot.

The Waterbury *American* says a parent in that city thinks he will have his newborn daughter christened Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix Nitro to it when she grows up, if she takes after her mother.

CHAPTER V

Conundrums

"A man that would make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket."

HOBSON'S choice—Mrs. H.

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because, when purchased it goes to the cellar.

The first game of life—Bawl.

Why should the last boy born to a family be named Doxology? Because he's the last of the hims.

What is slosh?—It's snow matter.

Speaking of becoming attire, what thing is most likely to become a woman? Why, a little girl, of course.

The most useful thing in the long run—
Breath.

The best life policy—Keep out of debt.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

The man who works with a will—The probate judge.

What is the difference between seventeen and seventy? One is careless and happy, the other hairless and cappy.

A tea never indulged in by the gossips—Charity.

“Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?” asked a young lady. “Because,” answered another, “he turns white when he pops.”

What nation produces the most marriages? Fasci-nation.

To make a little boy's trousers last. When you make a suit of clothes for him, finish the coat first, and by so doing you make the trousers last. It is the only way the thing can be done.

Epitaph for a gambler—Waiting for the last trump.

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, the other his profits from the law.

The paper having the largest circulation—The paper of tobacco.

Why do so many men make a practice of eating cloves between the acts of the opera? So that no breath of suspicion may be cast upon their conduct.

What is the form of an escaped parrot? A polly-gone.

If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No Spectator, no Observer, but as many Times as you please.

What the girls say—A thing of beauty is a boy forever.

A young lady sends in this: How to prevent chappy cheeks? Have nothing to do with cheeky chaps.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

Why is a man who lets houses likely to have a good many cousins? Because he has ten ants.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

Are your words of more weight when you pro-pound anything than when you announce it?

Why is a lame dog like an inclined plane? Because he's a slo-pup.

To what port is a man sailing when he is like an importunate lover? When he is bound to Havre.

What is that a poor man has and a rich man wants? Nothing.

One of the best puns ever made by the late Phœbe Cary was this: Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster? Because he scratched for himself and Crusoe.

The vegetable that young ladies love is to-mate-oh.

Why are washermen the silliest of people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Where may everlasting spring be found? In an India rubber factory.

Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

The proper place for proof-readers—The house of correction.

When do young folks grow the most? When they are in love; it increases their sighs wonderfully.

To make a tall man short—Try to borrow five dollars of him.

“Who is the handsomest person in the car?” said Smith to Jones. “Why, the one who is passing fare,” said Jones. The car was immediately stopped, and Jones was hung by the roadside.

When a lady faints, what figure does she need? You must bring her 2.

Why are some people like eggs? Because they are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Where did Noah preserve the bees during the flood? In the ark-hives.

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world? Because he is a little Hub bub in himself.

A tie vote—When both parties vote yes, and the preacher ties the knot.

When does rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.

If a lady in a red cloak were to cross a field in which was a goat, what wonderful transformation would probably take place? The goat would turn to butter and the lady into a scarlet runner.

If a toper and a quart of whiskey were left together, which would be drunk first?

Why is a man sick a bed never round shouldered? Because he is flat on his back.

When is a ship like a scarfpin? When it is on the bosom of a heavy swell.

What trees are those which, when burned up, are exactly what they were before? Ashes.

What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen? Time the clock was repaired.

Why is the judge's nose like the middle of the earth? Because it's the scenter of gravity.

We are asked, in a long communication, "if tight lacing is injurious?" Of corset is.

What sort of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

What is the difference between the North and South Pole? All the difference in the world.

What house pet is it that is so generally admired, sought after, and valued yet more abused, trampled upon, kicked about, looked down upon and whipped more than any other? A carpet.

Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said, there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

CHAPTER VI

Josh Billings

“’Tis good to be merry and wise.”

THE sun says, with a lisp, “I thaw it.”

A man having had \$65 stolen from him, received a note with \$25, saying, “I stoled your money. Remorse naws at my conshens, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again, I’ll send you some more.”

A mother’s heart gives 4th joy at her baby’s 1st 2th.

I hav herd a grate deal sed about *broken hartes*, and thare may be a fu ov them, but mi experience haz been that next to the gizzard the heart iz the tuffest piece ov meat in the whole kriter.

I pitty the poor mizerabel man who sez thare iz no hereafter. I had rather be a mule, paralyzed in both hind legs, than to be him.

There aint but phew good judges ov humor and they all differ about it.

In a Cincinnati block: "Josh, who is the new lodger on the fifth floor?" Janitor: "Well, I dunno. I seed him makin' faces outen a pile of mud. Guess he must be a sculprit."

Ho, mug-gin; ho, mug-gin, from a forrin sho-hore, is the way a Topeka belle warbles a popular song.

Miss Stagg was married at Hornellsville, N. Y., recently. The bridegroom had engraved on the wedding ring, "Name ever deer to me." We wish them all doe mestic bliss. They are taking their wedding trip on a buck-board.

Munny will buy a pretty dog, but it won't buy the wag ov hiz tale.

"Love iz an honorable diseaze enuff tew hav, bekauz it iz natral; but enny phellow who haz laid sik with it for seven long years, after he gits over it feels sumthing like the phellow who haz phell down on the ice when it is very wet—he dont feel like talking about it before folks."

He who wood rize in the world, must pay for the yeazt.

The following "notis" is posted in Lincoln County, Mo.: "Ce hear. Eye dont want en-niboddi that has hosses which has the eppizutick innflewenza, or any other infurnel name, to cum thru this gait under penalty of havin of their, the hosses, tales cut oph cloase behind their, the hosses, years. Keep shi. Moun-tainer."

No man kan be a helthy phool unless he haz nussed at the breast of wisdom.

An honest ignoramus, who has escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat." Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing to his pedal extremities, said, "Well, there they be, mum."

The ghost of Noah Webster came to a spiritual medium in Alabama, not long since, and wrote on a slip of paper: "It is tite times." Noah was right but we are sorry to see he has gone back on his dictionary.

In a breach of promise case at Milwaukee, the lover was convicted of writing, "Mi hart beets oanly for the, mi darling huney."

Mr. Billings is a little mysterious when he says : "Natur luvs mysterys, it is the mysterys ov natur that makes mankind respektful. If natur showed all the keerds she held in her hand most ennybody would think they could beat her. But natur makes us guess at about one-half we know, and then laffs at us in her sleeves, bekauze we don't git it right."

In Henry county, on the 28th ult., Mr. T. Winkle to Miss Fannie Starr. T. Winkle, T. Winkle, little Starr.

I luv the hunny bees bekause they are allwuss bizzy, and hav a stinger allwuss hot and reddy for the lazy, and for thozе who poke their noze into their bizziness.

The man who kant talk with yu 10 minnits on an ordinary bizzness subjekt without expressing a grate anxiety about the welfare ov yure soul, wants the klussest kind of watching.

Too long courtships are not allwuss judicious ; the partys often tire out skoreing before the trot begins.

There ain't ennything that will kompletely kure lazyness, but I have known a 2nd wife to hurry it sum.

There ain't but phew khan stick a white hankkerchief into the brest pocket ov their overcoat without letting a little of it stick out—just by acksident.

Yung man, don't be afrade to blow your own horn, but don't do it in front of the procession ; go behind and do it.

When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him ; this satisfys him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.

“Foregoes” was the word given out at a written spelling exercise recently ; and one little boy handed in, “Go, go, go, go.”

The following order was recently left on the slate of a New Hampshire doctor :—“Doc, cum up to ther house ; the old man has got snaix in his butes again, an' raisin' kain.”

Luv iz one ov them kind of diseases that yu kant git, nor git rid ov, with enny certainty, enny more than yu kan the rumatiz.

Philosophy iz a fust rate thing to hav, but yu kant alleviate the gout with it, unless the gout happens to be on sum other phellow.

Biographies are delitesome reading. We kumpare all the virtews of the person's character with our own, and all his failings with our nabors.

The reputation that a man gits from his ansesters often wants az mutch altering to fit him az thare old clothes wood. It iz truly thus.

Haven't been well? Well, I dunno whether it's cos I'm fond o' my tay, but the doctor he do say I'm suffering from a bronze kettle affection.

If you undertake to hire a man to be honest, yu will have to raize his wages every morning, and watch him dredphull cluss besides.

SPRING

"WELL, Spring, youv cum at last, hev you?
The poet sez youv bin a sittin in Old Winter's
Lap—now aint you ashamed of yourself?
I spose the old feller's bin a bussin you;
I should think he had from your breth
A bein so cold—but that's the way them
Old fellers hev a doing.

“ Well, as I was saying,
Youv cum at last with your ‘ bamy
Breth ’ a blowing from the Northwes—
Westconstant or Nebrasky, I spose,
Great countries for bam I reckon.

“ Now youv cum wen
Everybodi’s feed and korn and things
Hev all been fed out ! Now luck at
Our krittters, will ye ? See our katl ;
On the lift, a hevin to be steaded by
Thur tales when they gits up a mornings !
Look at our hossis wats all reduced
To skeletons a weepin over a troft ;
A hull troft full of kobs !
A hull troft full of bitter reckeleckshuns !

“ Look at them shepe a lien in
The fence corners a waiting for grass !
Yis, and they’ve bin a waiting some ov
Them weex ! And if they wasn’t
Puld they’d a bin ‘ shakin ther lox
At yu ’ and sed—‘ U dun it ! (That thur
Is from Hamlet, won of Shakspur’s plais.)
As another poit sez—‘ Grass riffused makes
The stumak ake.’ So these shepe will
Never open thur i into grass agin—no.

“ Now luk at them hogs as has bin
A follerin them katel wat hev bin
Stuffed with ha ! See ’em, will ye, a creepin
Round as if theyse tetched with corns.
Look at thur eres, will ye—bigger nor
Enny cabbidge lefe !

“See the shotes

A lenin on the fens to squele !

Luk at them mity eres ‘ a hanging pendint’

Onto seech little hogs! See a hundrid

Gud shotes rejuiced down to a even

Korn baskit full !

- Yes, that thurs ol yer doins, U

Tardy, loiterin Spring!—a hanging bak

As youv bin a doin.

“ But now you’ve cum !

We feel yure cheerin presenz wen we

Git round onto the south side of the barn !

We here the hens a kacklin when they’ve

Laid a eg ! We see the horse radish

A starting up along side the garding

Fens! The wimmen is a lukin into

The old tea-pot after gardin seeds,

And all these things make me think youv cum.

“ Ef so be I’ve riled

Ye, Spring, a showin up ov yer short cummins,

Jest set it down to havin poit’s lisens.

(Tho I haint taken wun out yet, I ’low to.”)

CHAPTER VII

Lawyers

“The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.”

MOVING for a new trial—Popping to Mrs. No. 2.

A band of Ohio women gathered in front of a lawyer's office by mistake, and prayed and sang half an hour before they learned that they had been throwing away time. It is calculated that their prayers wouldn't have had any effect under eighteen months.

The debt of nature should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an execution.

“Where is that twelfth juror?” exclaimed an Idaho judge on the court's resuming business after a recess, frowning as he spoke at the eleven jurors in the box, one of whom rose and said: “Please judge, it's Ike Simmons as is gone. He had to go on private business, but he's left his vurdick with me.”

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client—To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars.

A celebrated lawyer said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

In the olden times in Louisiana when a man had a lawsuit he used to hire a lawyer ; now he has to hire a judge.

A lawyer, of Montana, recently received a letter from a heart-broken and disconsolate husband inquiring, "Is there any law to punish a woman for leaving her husband with two little helpless children, and if so, how much?"

"What shall I do to collect this bill?" a butcher asked his lawyer. The man of law reached forth his hand for a retainer and said briefly, "Suet."

A worthy old farmer who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed : "Look here, squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

A St. Louis lawyer attempted to try a case, the other day, while he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him, saying: "No lawyer can practice at two bars at the same time."

During the cross-examination of the plaintiff, the following pointed colloquy took place between him and the defendant's attorney: "Were you ever in Albany?" "Yes, sir." "How long were you there?" "Six months, sir." "Were you in the penitentiary at the time?" "Yes, sir; but I never was in the Assembly, sir." The rejoinder was enjoyed by the spectators, who remembered the attorney did once occupy a seat in the House.

A little boy was asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally go to. He answered: "They practice law here a spell and then go to the legislature."

There is a story of Judge Grier, which everybody delights in, how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with the remark, "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, set aside, by the court. I want it to be understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

A pack of wolves in Sherbourne Co., Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the New Orleans Republican thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

William M. Evarts tells this good story. A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father, "Dear papa, I do wish you would come up here soon—my donkey is so lonesome."

Two lawyers, while bathing at Santa Cruz the other day, were chased out of the water by a shark. This is the most flagrant case of want of professional courtesy on record.

Making the best of it is a good rule for everybody. "What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you not pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

A judge at Montgomery, Ala., recently interrupted a very flowery young orator with—
“Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don’t go any higher! You are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!”

Judge Martin decided that certain evidence was inadmissible. The attorney took strong exceptions to the ruling, and insisted that it was admissible. “I know, your Honor,” said he, warmly, “that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?” “That,” quietly replied the court, “is a question of fact, and not of law, and so I won’t pass upon it, but will let the jury decide.”

A judge, in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, “Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor”—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—“takes me to be.” “Put your words closer together,” said the judge.

“Prisoner,” said Squire Jones, in awarding judgment, “it is a maxim of the law that it is better to err on the side of mercy. This court has made up her mind which side she will err on, and nothing remains but to err on that side.”

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a blundering counsel in a suit about a lot of hogs, "there were just thirty-six in the drove. Please remember the fact—thirty-six hogs; just three times as many as in that jury-box, gentlemen."

Two young attorneys were wrangling for a long time before Judge Knox, of Virginia, over a point of law. His Honor rendered his decision, and the sprig who had lost impudently remarked: "Your Honor, there is a growing opinion that all the fools are not dead yet." "Certainly," answered the court, with unruffled good humor, "I quite agree with you, Mr. B., and congratulate you upon your healthy appearance."

A few days since one of our popular attorneys called upon another member of the profession, and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed, drew himself up and said: "I generally get paid for telling what I know." The questioner drew a half dollar from his pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know and give me the change." There is coldness between the parties now.

The donkey and his double—Judge Norbury was interrupted in his charge to a jury once by the loud braying of a donkey in the street of the assize town. "What's that?" asked his lordship. Mr. Parsons (with whom his lordship had just had a fiery flareup) rose and gravely assured him that it was merely the echo of the court.

Two neighbors living in Westchester county had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!

In Connecticut a certain magistrate was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor. "Well, John," said the magistrate on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the magistrate, "I can swear the rest; so go ahead." And the man was sworn and discharged.

A dying client sent for lawyers Rickle and Fuller, of course, to draw the will they supposed he would make. Judge of their surprise when his request was that one should stand on each side of him, so that he could die like Jesus Christ !

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pocket. An old farmer remarked that the portrait would have been more like the lawyer if it had represented him with his hand in another man's pocket, instead of his own.

Two lawyers returning from court one said to the other, "I've a notion to join the Rev. Mr. _____'s church ; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Why?" "Because it would do you no good while it would be a great injury to the church."

In a lawsuit, between two members of the same church, counsel for one of the parties suggested that the brethren ought to defer their differences for adjustment to the higher court above ; to which the client responded that the

same idea had occurred to him, but there seemed to be an insuperable obstacle in the way—he couldn't contrive any way to get his lawyer there.

CHAPTER VIII

Ministers

“A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.”

A CLERGYMAN said that modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but the daughters of Hem and Sham.

A telegraph messenger got his dispatches mixed the other day, and handed a jockey a telegram which read: “Can you supply our pulpit next Sabbath?” and to a well-known clergyman a dispatch which read, “The race is postponed till Monday. Can you come down and spend Sunday?”

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, “I said in my haste all men are liars.” Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: “You said it in your haste, David. If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation.”

An ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She replied: "I have slight touches of it occasionally."

A small minister added to his height by standing upon a wooden box. He opened the Bible and read "yet a little and I am with you—a little while I am not with you." Just then the box switched under his weight, and down he went out of sight.

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "You see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yourn. I'm an old man now, and have to set putty well back by the stove; and ther's old Miss Smith, n' widdow Taff, n' Mrs. Rylan's daughters, and Nabby Birt, n' all the rest setting in front of me, with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

When the recording angel observes a minister of the gospel holding a nail between his fingers while he misses it with a hammer, the trustworthy scribe drops into a brown study and pretends not to hear anything.

At a recent wedding in Ohio, the minister was about to salute the bride, when she stayed him with: "No, mister, I give up them vanities now!"

In one of his tours, Elder John Leland came up at night to a public house, where he was acquainted, and where he proposed to pass the night. The landlord met him with a smiling countenance, and told him that, having built a new barn, he was nicely prepared to accommodate the clergy. "I have," said he, "a very good stable, with all the improvements for Episcopalian horses; a comfortable sort of a stable for Presbyterian horses; while I keep the old barn for Baptist horses; the feed is according to the style of the stable." "Well," he replied, "everybody knows that I am a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

That was a good though rather a severe pun which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries (and he was not one of the brightest of the class either), when he asked: "Why is Professor —— the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up," said: "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'Great Awakening.'"

A young clergyman, small of stature, preaching as a candidate in a certain place, one Sabbath, peering over the pulpit Bible, announced as his text: "It is I. Be not afraid."

Some months ago the Lord Bishop of ——— came to this country on a visit to the Rev. Dr. ———, of the Episcopal church in New York. The doctor instructed a colored boy in his service to knock at the bedroom door of the Lord Bishop early in the morning and say, "My Lord, the boy." Accordingly the next morning, the boy, somewhat dazed by so much grandeur, knocked at the bishop's door, who called out, "Who is there?" The boy responded, "'The Lord, my boy."

Rev. Robert Collyer wishes every gin mill chained in the bottomless pit of hell. Mr. Collyer does wrong to wish anything which would encourage emigration in that direction.

A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer was in this wise: "If you come as a temporary supply, I must refuse the invitation. I am only hearing regular candidates." He didn't supply.

New York is disgusted at a bashful young clergyman who was reading the Holy Scripture in this way: "And immediately the cock wept and Peter went out and crew."

At a religious meeting a lady persevered in standing on a bench, and thus intercepting the view of others, though she was repeatedly requested to sit down. A reverend old gentleman at last rose and said gravely, "I think if the lady knew she had a large hole in each of her stockings she would not exhibit them in this way." This had the desired effect—she immediately sank down on her seat. A young minister standing by blushed to the temples, and said, "Oh, brother, how could you say that was not the fact?" "Not the fact!" replied the old gentleman; "if she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I would like to know how she gets them on."

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit; did you mean by that that you preached?" "No, sir; I held the light for the man who did preach." "Ah, the Court understood you differently.—They supposed that the discourse came directly from you." "No, sir, I only threw a little light on it."

“Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?” asked a country deacon of a new minister. “Why, do you understand those languages?” “No, but we pay for the best, and ought to have it.”

The Rev. Mr. A., a Methodist minister in a western village, observed one hot Sunday, that his congregation, with few exceptions, were wrapped in placid slumber. Suddenly pausing in his sermon, he requested Deacon B. to pass around the plate. The deacon, thus accosted, rose to his feet, and, with a very red face, said, “the collection has already been taken up.” “Never mind, Brother B.,” replied the minister, “take up another, for I intend to make the congregation pay for lodgings, as well as for spiritual food.” When the second collection had been taken up the congregation was very wide awake indeed.

Recently a minister received a clergyman's half-fare traveling card, as they are called, and wrote to the superintendent asking if he could not embrace his wife also. The superintendent replied that he thought likely he could, but did not want to say positively until he had seen the wife, as he was a little fastidious in his tastes.

A bishop, fond of hunting, hearing it remarked that the apostles never hunted, replied, "No, shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they fished instead."

I never knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity. Now, these are the bits of cheese that cavilers smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow, and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog he can soon find a stick, and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with, "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!" Then he fled.

"Do you think I am a fool?" a violent man once asked of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the doctor, "I would not have made the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A Massachusetts bishop, who visiting one of the churches of his diocese, requested that the children of the Sunday-school should be assembled to be catechized. The good bishop put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of the class. "Who made the world?" The little fellow with quivering voice, replied: "I didn't." The bishop, astonished at the answer, demanded: "What do you mean, sir?" Still more frightened, the lad replied: "If—I—did—l—won't—do—it—again!"

A Boston minister once told Wendel Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go south where they were and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips, "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," rejoined Phillips.

A clergyman, one hot Sunday, observing a deacon asleep in church, called out: "Brother Austin will please open the window a little. Physicians say it is unhealthy to sleep in a hot room."

In the smoking car of a New Haven train, Friday, were seated two men faced to each other, whom white neckcloths made conspicuous despite the clouds of smoke. They were conversing on the subject of church government, and got pretty well advanced in the topic when two men sharing their seats drew forth a pack of cards, and pretty soon the observations on church government were diversified by such remarks as: "What's trumps?" "Take up." "Pass." "Skunked, by thunder!"

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church, after the sermon had begun with the remark, "Glad to see you, sir, come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early;" and decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed, in the presence of an astounded congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

Said a Baptist to a Methodist brother: "I don't like your church government—it has too much machinery about it." "Yes, but then you see," said the Methodist, "it don't take near so much water to run it."

A clergyman in a Lawrence church, on a recent occasion, discovered, after beginning the service, that he had forgotten his notes. As it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

A clergyman, lecturing on Palestine, remarked concerning one very rugged locality: "The road up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb, therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

The Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Norwich, says that he was once called to marry a man who was to be united to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said, as usual, "Please rise." The man fidgeted about on his chair, and finally remarked, "We've usually sot."

It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day when he was advancing among the teens he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say next?" A voice from the congregation responded, "Amen."

A Utica clergyman had occasion to refer in a sermon to the prophet Jonah, and the report says that he delicately spoke of him as having "passed three days and three nights in the whale's—ahem—society."

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep before he had fairly commenced, suddenly exclaimed, "Brethren, this ain't fair. Wait till I get along, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I commence—give a man a chance."

.

One of our vicinity deacons nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestnut trees, one Sunday afternoon. Shaking his fist after their retreating forms, he angrily shouted : "The sneaking little devils ! if I had hold of 'em one minute I'd"—and then suddenly espying his pastor on the scene, he impressively added, "I'd pray for 'em."

A gentleman invited the Rev. Mr. M—— to ride, and thought he would improve the opportunity for a little serious conversation. "I sometimes think there is something wanting in my life." "Yes," interrupted M——, "you want something that will git up and git, and dust them on the road, better than this old plug you're holding the lines over now."

"Oh ! yes," said Mrs. D., as she surveyed with evident pleasure her little parlor sideboard, covered with old china and decorated with highly-colored tiles. "Mr. B. remarked the other night that I was becoming quite an atheist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen-cent Japanese teapot.

CHAPTER IX

Doctors

"The best doctors in the world are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman."

A DOCTOR'S motto: "Patients and long suffering."

There is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. Dr. ———, who was called by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring: "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful," said the doctor as he prepared to write a prescription. "I'm going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

A Davenport newspaper speaks of a doctor in that city looking with a deep-meaning smile upon a large lot of green cucumbers in the market. On his way home he was observed to whisper confidentially to several undertakers.

The only people who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

A doctor always treated his juvenile patients for worms, whatever might be their symptoms. One day being called to a boy who was suffering severely, he felt the pulse, and looking at the mother with a solemn shake of the head, said : " Worms, madam, worms ! " " Now, doctor," said the mother, " it isn't worms at all, I tell ye ; that boy fell down the wood pile and broke his leg, and I want you to stop crying worms and set it immediately." " Ah ! " said the doctor, determined not to be put down, " worms in the wood, madam ! worms in the wood ! "

The only man who don't get out of patients in cold weather—The doctor.

Dr. G——, of Sycamore, Ill., riding in the country one day, saw a sign upon a gate-post reading thus : " This farm for sail." Stopping his horse, he hailed a little old woman who stood on tiptoe hanging out clothes. " I say, madam, when is this farm going to *sail* ? " " Just as soon, sir," replied the lady, placing her thumb to her nose, " as anybody comes along who can raise the wind ! "

"Keep 'em alive, boy! keep 'em alive!" said an old physician to his young brother practitioner. "Dead men pay no bills."

The brusque Dr. Abernethy, when rushing along a London street in great haste, was attacked by a garrulous old lady patient. She began her plaint. There was but one chance of escape. "Just close your eyes and open your mouth, madam," said the desperate man. There she stood and stood, eyes shut, tongue protruded, waiting for his verdict, while he darted past and left her to the tender mercies of a rapidly-increasing crowd.

"It's no use to feel my wrist," said Pat when the physician began feeling his pulse. "The pain is not there, sorr, it's in my head entirely."

The other day, Mrs. Muggins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Muggins and the medical man, declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that he (Muggins) had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Muggins; "it's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—open her on the spot; I'm willing."

The doctor's work fills six feet of ground, but the dentist's work fills an acher.

"Well, doctor, it's no use, I'm going to die!" "Nonsense," said the doctor, "you're not going to die at all. No man ever died with feet as warm as yours!" "Ah, yes they did, doctor." "I should like to know who, then?" said the doctor. "John Rogers did," said the patient.

"I'm so afraid, doctor, that my darling has—has—worms, doctor." "H'm, h'm. Possibly, possibly. Better send him fishing."

Two San Francisco doctors, recently called in to attend a conference over a man supposed to be in the last extremity, violently quarreled and finally caned each other. The patient laughed, perspiration was induced, and he recovered. Where doctors fall out, sometimes, patients get well.

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, he did not refer to doctor's patients, because you always find them under the monument.

"Well," remarked a young M. D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'"

"Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you do begin before monuments will be on the patients."

It is useless for physicians to argue against short sleeved dresses. The Constitution says: "The right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

Physicians hear some queer diagnoses from amateurs sometimes. Our friend Dr. D. was called recently to see a sick man, and upon inquiring of his wife how he was affected, received in reply, "Well, you see, doctor, the things what he eats gits sorter tangled round his heart, and he suffers awful."

A medical writer has lately asserted that physic is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease.

A doctor went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. "That's the consequence of having neglected your business," observed his wife.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a traveling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel toward the house, if you please."

Dr. Ayers, of Cheever Colony, Kansas, was seriously injured by a well caving in on him. Served him right. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

A gravedigger, walking in the streets of Windsor the other day chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" asked they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

A young man of a fast turn, and looking like anything but a doctor, complains that all his tradesmen are determined to give him the title of Dr., but they put the Dr. after his name instead of before it.

“John,” asked a doctor of the apothecary’s boy, “did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?” “I guess so,” replied the boy, “for I saw crape on the door knob this morning.”

Doctor to an acquaintance, “Mrs. Jones, I am glad to see you have recovered.” Mrs. Jones, “Yes, you have saved my life, how can I thank you sufficiently?” Doctor, “I saved your life? Why, I didn’t attend you.” Mrs. Jones, “Yes; and that is why I am so grateful.”

CHAPTER X

Editors

“A fool must now and then be bright by a chance.”

A GEORGIA editor was bitten by a dog, being evidently mistaken for a bone.

A rural editor, wishing to be severe upon an exchange, remarks, “The subscriber of the —— in this place tried a few days ago, to carry home some lard in a copy of that paper; but on reaching home, found that the concentrated lie had changed it to soap.”

A western editor reports money close, but not close enough to be reached.

The Colorado papers are boasting of the wonderful recuperative qualities of their climate, and quote, as an instance, the case of an Ohio lady who was unable to sweep a room with a broom at home, but she had not been in Colorado a month before she chased her husband a mile with a pitchfork.

A Georgia editor who had his pistol stolen is willing if the thief returns it, to give him the contents.

A Troy editor took his wife to New York the other day. The conductor, when he came along, recognized our Troy brother as entitled to a free passage, but not knowing the lady whispered to him: "Is this lady a friend of yours?" "No, no," said the Troy editor in haste, "she is my wife."

The proprietor of a certain newspaper walks five miles every morning to keep up his circulation.

A man in an adjoining county died recently who had taken his county paper for twelve years without paying for it. Upon the day of his burial the kind-hearted, forgiving editor called to see him for the last time and stuffed a linen duster and a couple of palm leaf hats into the coffin. He was preparing him for a warmer climate.

A Michigan editor calls another a sniveling-headed idiot. Nothing could be worse but an idiot-headed snivel.

A western editor, recently married, states editorially, "We are living at this moment under absolute despotism."

An editor narrowly escaped having his pocket picked of \$10,000 in a crowd in Philadelphia last week. The thief got off with his wallet, but unfortunately it only contained sixteen cents and a receipt for making paste that will keep six months without souring.

A southern editor says that mint juleps are coming, and they won't be crowded out by a press of other matter either.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives, she was of a poetic nature, and said to her mate: "Notice that moon; how bright, and calm, and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on the corn crop with the remark, "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

A Connecticut editor having been elected fence viewer, calls on all who have fences to be viewed to bring them to his office, under penalty of the law.

The manufacture of paper from wood has reached the altitude of perfection in Canada. The superintendent of a mill up there says, "a tree is cut down and shoved into one end of a mill and five minutes later there is a neighbor at the other end to borrow the paper."

"We have no room for all this," said our night editor, glancing despairingly at a two-column obituary, "it must be cut down to proper die-mention."

When an editor makes a mistake in his paper all the world sees it, and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake, nobody knows it except a few friends and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When the private citizen dies, the editor is asked to write of all his good qualities and leave out the bad. When the editor dies, the private citizen says: "Now that old liar will get his deserts."

A burglar entered the house of a country editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.

A western publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for a new head for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

A man sued an Ohio editor for \$10,000 damages and was awarded one cent. It beats all how accurately a jury will occasionally size up an editor's pile.

"I apologize for saying you could not open your mouth without putting your foot in it," said the editor, sternly regarding the horsewhip she held over his head. "I solemnly assure you that when I said it I had no idea of the size of your foot."

"There!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that that new 'Personal' column would be a success."

“Women, wake up!” says Mrs. Cady Stanton, and a ruffian rural editor adds, “Yes, and darn it, turn out and build a fire and get breakfast.”

An Arkansas local soliloquizes thus: “Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bunghole of a barrel for the purpose of slacking his thirst.” We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bunghole and slacked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole out of the plug and slacked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slacked its thirst with the bunghole, or if the bunghole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slacked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bunghole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it.

A contemporary thus sensibly talks: “How young men can consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of strychnine can be bought for sixpence is really surprising.”

A western editor says that water has tasted strong of sinners ever since the deluge, and that's the why he takes whiskey in his'n.

"How," writes Ethel, "are we to tell the perfect gentleman?" "Just come into the office anytime, Ethel, when we are not busy, and set yourself right down in the chair by our desk, and tell it to us as freely as you would to your mother. You can depend on us, Ethel."

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, replied, "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

A Baptist paper in Ohio was sent for nine years to a subscriber who never paid a cent for it. The other day the newspaper was returned to the patient and long-suffering publisher, with the affecting pencil note on its margin, "Gone to a better world." The editor is a very pious man, but it is reported that his faith is terribly shaken in regard to the accuracy of the information.

An editor who has given up trying to please everybody, says: "Even if I sound the praise of my own Maker the devil would be offended."

A country editor thinks that Richelieu who declared that the pen is mightier than the sword, ought to have spoken a good word for the scissors.

An editor says: "We don't mind recording the deaths of people without being paid for our trouble; but panegyrics on the dead must be paid for. We positively cannot send people to Paradise for nothing."

The Boston *Post* man indignantly exclaims: "The assertion that we attended a ball game Sunday is false. We've got the fish to prove it."

A Yankee editor throws up the sponge with the remark "that it don't pay to run a paper in a town where the business men read almanacs, and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring."

The editor of a Nashville paper is accused by his neighbors of having caught cold while sleeping in church with his pew door open.

A man was recently knocked down and nearly killed in Massachusetts, all for the sum of one dollar. The time is slowly but surely approaching when even an editor won't be safe.

The editor of a St. Louis paper recently insisted that poets must be brief. The next day he received the following, entitled, "The Ballad of the Merchant: Trust—Bust."

The first day Artemus Ward entered Toledo, travel-worn and seedy, he said to an editor who was on the street, "Mister, where could I get a good dinner for a shilling?" He was told; and then inquired, "I say, mister, where could I get the shilling?"

Jason Welch, of Iowa, got mad and stopped his newspaper, and then because the withdrawal of his patronage didn't kill the paper he went and killed himself.

An irate western editor lately wrote to a contributor: "If you do not stop sending me such abominable poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your girl."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the only way to prevent bleeding of the nose is to keep the nose out of other people's business.

A correspondent of a paper having described the Ohio as a sickly stream, the editor appended the remark: "That's so, it's confined to its bed."

A country editor cannot be as bold and independent in his paper as his city brother. He has to collect his own subscriptions, and almost everybody in the country keeps a dog.

A man writes to an editor for four dollars, "because he is so infernally short" and gets in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do; stand up in a chair."

The editor of the Morehead (D. C.) *Star* says: "We offer special inducement to our subscribers who club together and send in any little matter of eatables, as it were."

There are no bouquets about a newspaper office, but sometimes the contents of the paste-cup acquire a maturity which by any other name would swell as sweet.

"I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh:
And I thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest,
How easily editors lie."

Mr. Greeley had a passion for showing strangers around the *Tribune* establishment. One day a couple of ladies called upon him, and desired to be shown around. Mr. Greeley at the time was in the counting room below the sanctum. The sanctum messenger boy had taken occasion, while Mr. Greeley was below, to blow through the speaking tubes to the composing room above. The man in charge, who felt rather gouty that day, did not have his feelings improved any when, in response to his answer to Greeley's supposed "call," he was fooled by the office boy, who asked him how he felt, or some other trivial question. Two or three times this was repeated within half an hour, and he at last resolved to get square with the boy. Soon Mr. Greeley entered his sanctum with the ladies. After showing them about, he said: "You see these pipes. I have only to blow through this one, and the man in charge of the composing room answers." Beckoning for one of the ladies to approach, he blew through the pipe and, directed her to place her ear to the mouthpiece and listen to the answer, when to his surprise and consternation there came thundering down the pipe: "You d—n little rascal, if you don't get away from that pipe I will kick your head clean off."

The *Detroit Free Press* says that if you fire a shot-gun in any direction in this country you will hit a poet; to which an Ohio editor replies: "We want a shot-gun."

A victim of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

A subscriber wishing to stop his paper wrote, "I don't want your newspaper any longer." To which the editor replied, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did."

A North Carolina editor declares that the man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

CHAPTER XI

Soldiers

“ There is a skirmish of wit between them.”

A SOLDIER telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. “ Tree,” said he, “ there wasn’t enough for the officers ! ”

George Washington was once at a dinner party, where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red-hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming, he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. “ Why,” said the hostess, jocularly, “ I thought an old general like you could stand fire better than that.” “ I never could stand a fire in my rear,” replied the general

Once during the war, Barnum was at Washington exhibiting Gen. Tom Thumb and Admiral Nutt. Mr. Lincoln said: “ You have some pretty small generals, but I think I can beat you.”

Two Confederate soldiers were talking together, when one asked the other: "Where was you enduring the war?" The other replied, "I was twenty-four months in the army, sir." "Yaas, wal, where was you enduring that time?" "I was twenty-three months in the hospital." "And where was you enduring the other month?" "I was looking for the hospital."

A soldier who was an inveterate joker and punster, having had his nose, left cheek and a portion of his chin carried away by a shot, was asked by some of his comrades if they could do anything for him. "Boys," said he, speaking as well as he could in his mangled condition, "I should like a drink of water mighty well if I only had the face to ask for it."

During the occupation of Egypt by the British army, a colonel sauntering outside his camp, near Gezireh palace, was hailed by a sentry. "You must not go there, sir." "Do you see who I am—Colonel ———?" "Yes, sir, I know. But the 'haram ladies' are living in that house, and the orders are from Sir Garnet that he is not to be let in there himself, if he wants to."

A political orator speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle, where bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" "In the ammunition wagon."

When Col. Henry Wilson was in Boston, raising a regiment, during the war, a little fellow one day presented himself at headquarters and asked for a commission.

"Have you ever seen service?" asked Colonel Wilson.

"Yes, colonel, I was in the three months service.

"Were you in the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was, colonel."

Colonel Wilson has a delicate vein of humor in him; so, winking at his staff, he asked:

"And did you run well?"

"I used diligence, colonel. I did the best I could, but I couldn't keep up with you in that hack."

"General," said an American major, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'lar about the first drop."

Summing up: Captain, "What is the charge, sergeant?" Sergeant, "This time it's drunkenness, sir. But this man is the most troublesome fellow in the regiment, sir. He goes out when he likes and gets drunk when he likes; in fact, he acts as if he might be a horficer!"

During the recent war there were two volunteers lying beneath their blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war. What made you join the army, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, so I went to the war."

A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming into pretty close quarters with a Secessionist he remarked: "Friend, 'tis very unfortunate, but thee standest just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away, down came his man.

CHAPTER XII

Women

“She’s all my fancy painted her,
She’s lovely, she’s divine.”

THE noblest pursuit of woman—an honest man.

“Who was the meekest man?” asked a Sunday-school teacher. “Moses.” “Very well; who was the meekest woman?” “Never was any.”

Bacheloric exclamation—A lass!

Maidenly exclamation—Ah men!

A somewhat simple woman was asked whether her husband feared God, and replied, “I guess he does, for he never goes out Sundays without taking his gun with him.”

A Come-home husband club, four feet long with a brush at the end of it, has been formed by the ladies of a western city.

Consolation for old maids—Misfortunes never come singly.

A near-sighted man was riding in an avenue car the other day, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was, when she came over and whispered in his ear: "Oh! I'll fix you for this, old man!" Then he knew it was his wife.

It is as difficult for a woman to give up her glass as for a man.

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said, "Madam can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then turning to a boy, she added, "James, give that gentleman three pigs' feet!"

A bachelor says that if you hand a lady a newspaper with a scrap cut out of it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest the paper possesses is centred in finding out what the missing scrap contains.

A wearied young lady hastened the departure of a tedious caller by remarking, as she looked out of the window, "I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise."

"Zachariah," said Mrs. Chandler, "what smell is that?" "Cloves." "But that other smell?" "Allspice." "But isn't there another?" "Yes—apples." "And just one more?" "Cider, my dear." "Well, Zachariah," said she, "if you'd only drink a little brandy now you'd make a good mince pie."

It isn't always the flower of the family that makes the best bread.

A Buffalo paper tells of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horse started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have it over with he got it out just as the sleigh struck a mile post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted.

It is time to stop talking about the softening influence of women. A Massachusetts man who has four wives has just been sent to the penitentiary for stealing horses.

The only housework that some girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.

As a wife was holding her husband's aching head in her hands one morning, she asked: "Are a man and his wife one?" "I suppose so," said the husband. "Then," rejoined the wife, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

A strong-minded woman will always be speaker of the house.

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you'll make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed, indeed," replied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

Miss Bacon, who lived out West, knew Beans and married him.

A Milwaukee man is bent on going to sea. He has been reading the Enoch Arden class of stories till his soul is fired with ambition to be wrecked and come home and find his wife married to some other fellow.

Some girls are like old muskets ; they use a good deal of powder but won't go off.

Young lady to a beau, of whose company she is getting tired : " I hope you are not nervous, because the clock has a queer effect on people. All my gentlemen acquaintance start when it strikes ten, and it's just going to strike : so if you are nervous perhaps you had better go home before it strikes." He went.

A spinster says she has faith that God disposes, but is not so sure that man proposes !

A clergyman lately addressed his female auditory as follows : " Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread all the sooner."

It has been noticed that nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a new set of teeth.

A heartless bachelor gives the following toast : " Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of old age ; bless our stars and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance."

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that you can shut up an umbrella.

A young man in Peoria sought to secure his sweetheart by strategy ; so he took her out for a boat ride and threatened to jump overboard into the lake if she wouldn't marry him. It did not work. She offered to bet him a dollar that he daren't dive in.

A Toledo chap was quite smitten with his neighbor's wife. She did it with a rollin-pin.

A Bridgeport lady remained too long on a train to kiss a female friend, and trying to get off after it had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss anybody again!" said she, vengefully, as she arose ; "any woman at least," she thoughtfully added.

Our young ladies are never behind the fashions ; but the fashions are very much behind the ladies.

An exquisite lady inquired at a dry goods store in Lewistown, Me., for a piece of goods of the slumbering shade. The clerk replied that he had none in the store, but he believed there were several pieces snoring at the depot.

Matchless Maid, is the way a presumptuous young man addressed a lady of a very uncertain age.

Mrs. Millis was asked the other day how she managed to get along so nicely with Mr. Millis, and frankly replied: "Oh, I feed him well. When a woman marries, her happiness for a little while depends upon the state of her husband's heart; after that, it's pretty much according to the state of his stomach."

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A nice old lady, apparently just arrived on a train from the country, entered the refreshment rooms at the Springfield, Mass., railroad station, the other day, and said, she had left her parasol on the settee. A general search commenced and lasted for some time. Finally one of the waiters asked the old dame "when she left it," to which she answered, after counting upon her fingers, "Well, it was just three years ago last Fourth of July." There was a general roar much to the astonishment of the old lady, who went away with a very puzzled look upon her countenance.

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a lady one day to her visitors. "I'm at home myself, and I wish you all were."

Fanny Fern says that when she sees a pretty man, with an apple head, and raspberry moustache with six hairs in it, paint on his cheeks, and a little dot of a goatee on his chin, with pretty little blinking studs in his shirt bosom, and a little neck-tie that looks as if it would faint if it were rumpled, she always feels a desire to nip him with a pair of sugar tongs, drop him gently into a pot of cream and strew pink rose leaves over the little remains.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor she means to sew in order that she may reap.

Country bookseller to Fourth street woman, "Yes; but the work is both instructive and humorous." Fourth street woman, "That ain't the point. You see my husband has crippled so many agents, and you're a nice looking young man, and I hate to see you hurt! That's him coming in the back way!" The young man said there was nothing compulsory about it, and was gone.

Lately a western young lady had occasion to inform a young gentleman that her hand was not a lemon.

A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church declared that when she saw the shawls of those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do.

How to become practically acquainted with the Rule of Three—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.

There was a New York husband who went to Paris often, without his wife, and with his weaknesses; but he always brought her back some choice gem of a present, a silk gown, a box of gloves, or a "duck of a bonnet." On his last return he was more bountiful than ever, surprising her with a magnificent lace shawl that must have cost \$700 or \$800. "What a dear, generous husband you are, Charley," said she, her soul gloating in anticipation at the envy of all her rivals, "but really, how bad you must have been in Paris this last time!" Charley whistled, and thought it was time to go "down town."

An Iowa lady believes in life insurance, as by its agency she has realized \$50,000 off two husbands, and not very good ones at that.

A writer in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who give out their washing. He says: "It is awful annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washerwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

An elderly lady, who lives a short distance from Hudson, hearing it said that matches were made in heaven, remarked that she didn't care how soon she got there.

Jones and his wife were always quarreling about their comparative talent for keeping a fire. She insisted that just so surely as he tried to rearrange the sticks with the tongs he put the fire out. One night the church bells sounded an alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife, as he reached the door, "Mr. Jones! Take the tongs."

A New York man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix nitro if her temper resembles her mother's.

A very dirty, debased and ignorant looking man came in to vote in a township of Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ballot, "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket." "What kind of a ticket is that?" said he. "Why," said the lady, "you can see yourself." "But I can't read," he answered. "Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand which you are about to vote?" the lady asked. "No," said he, "I can't read at all." "Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote." "Is that it?" he replied, "then I don't want it, the women don't know enough to vote."

A fair and buxom New England widow who had buried three husbands recently went with a gentleman, who paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them in mournful silence she murmured to her companion, "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

Miss Tomkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared on its being restored to her that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward that was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money.

Young Lady (at the post office),—"If I don't get a letter by this mail, I want to know what he was doing Sunday, that's all."

"When I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers take it, without clappering all day about it, as some people do."

A crusty old bachelor's objection to ladies with beautiful teeth is that nine out of ten of them would laugh at a funeral.

Josh Billings cannot see what women want any more rights for; she beat the first man born into the world out of a dead sure thing, and she can beat the last man with the same cards.

There is a young lady in Yorkshire named Price who is six feet five inches high. People say there are women above price.

Recently in one of the city churches the theme was the creation. In one of the adult classes the teacher inquired why God created man last; whereupon a married lady suggested that it was evident that God didn't want him bothering around.

The woman who said the latest thing out was her husband, was answered by her neighbor, who said that her husband always came home early—before any one was up.

A girl at Osage, Iowa, whose ears are grown up, has no method of hearing except through her mouth. When a young man is talking, she keeps saying "yes," for fear he might, you know, propose to her, and she not hear it.

A finely dressed lady slipped and fell, and the man who assisted her to her feet inquired, "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied; "but I am just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of them."

A daily paper advertises for girls for cooking. A cotemporary replies: "You will like them raw when you get accustomed to them."

Who can refrain from smiling at the story of the young lady who, after delivering a lecture in Springfield the other evening on dress reform, went to sit down, and couldn't get within six inches of the chair?

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal to be said on both sides.

Olive Logan is about to lecture on "Nice Young Men," but before doing so, has made arrangements to marry one of them. Wirt Sikes is the victim, but fortunately for him, he is hard of hearing.

A western exchange says Mishawaka girls take comfort in the fact that Naomi, daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married.

There is no time when a woman so thoroughly commands the respect of a man as when she is about to throw a stone at a hen. Especially is this the case if he happens to be standing behind her, and is lame in one leg.

Wives are presumptuous creatures. They always ask for a lock of their lover's hair before marriage, and take it without asking afterward.

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

Mrs. Snidkins says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand and a little behind hand.

The following toast was pronounced at a firemen's dinner, and was received with great applause:

"The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

A good-natured spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux—they were elbows.

A young lady in Kansas, while chewing gum recently, was struck with paralysis in the jaw and rendered speechless. She immediately had four proposals on the spot.

A Washington woman has applied to be appointed a constable, despairing of catching a man in any other way.

A young lady sent the following epistle to her masculine friend the other day, saying, "Come and play youcur with me this evening." He got mad, and said the girl who had such spells as that was no right bower for him.

The old maxim that "man proposes," is flatly contradicted by Massachusetts spinsters who only wish he did.

Said a gentleman to his mistress, "You are very handsome." "Phooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

Somebody advertises for a good girl to cook. We have seen some that looked good enough to eat raw.

Twenty-seven Nashville ladies determined to practice economy, vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church, and stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wis., have resolved, that if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them.

Lucy writes from Brooklyn to say that she don't object to a good looking gentleman gazing square in her face, but that it does make her mad when she looks back to see him staring back too.

A lady, on separating from her husband, changed her religion, she said, to avoid his company in the next world as well as this.

An exchange says the majority of women care but little about suffrage. If the backs of car seats could only be hollowed out so as to admit of their bustles lapping over, the ballot might go to thunder for all they care.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

An Atchison, Kan., girl ate four pounds of wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says that money wouldn't hire her to marry the man she saw in that dream.

A young lady being asked by a rich old bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" blushed, as she sweetly replied, "Yours, truly."

A Boston girl being asked if she was once engaged to a Harvard student named Jackson, languidly replied, "I am not certain about the name."

It is now claimed that the architect of the great Chinese wall was a woman; but a woman wouldn't do anything to keep men out in that way.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman yesterday, as she was quarreling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get in them," sarcastically remarked the neighbor.

In a letter to a friend a Springfield young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

CHAPTER XIII

Negro

“All nature wears one universal grin.”

A CHICAGO negro in his prayer, remembered
“De white element in our population.”

A colored gentleman went to consult one of the most conscientious lawyers, and after stating the case, said, “Now, Mr. ———, I know you’s a lawyer, but I wish you would please, sir, jist tell me de truf ’bout dis matter.”

“Bredren,” said a darky in a prayer-meeting, “I feel’s if I could talk more good in five minutes dan I could do in a year.”

As four or five darkies were passing an agricultural implement store down south, one of them, pointing to a cultivator, said: “A man can jist sit on dat thing and ride while he is ploughing.” “Golly,” replied the other, “de rascals was too sharp to think of dat ’fore de nigger was free.”

Little ducky to the clerk at the window of a southern post office: "Does dis yer pos' offis keep stamped antelopes?"

A colored preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it: "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and the debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

"What is de use'n a man boastin' 'bout his fore fadders? I know de great gran'son ob a African king dat is now cleanin' out wells fur a livin'."

The Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton college, tells a story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from their upsettin' sins. "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. It's besettin', not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat ain't an upsettin' sin I dunno what am."

“De new preacher is mo’ larnt dan Mistuh Boles was ; but, Lor’ bless you, sah ! he ain’t got de doleful sound like Mistuh Boles had. No, indeedy ! ”

One-eyed Winston was and probably is now a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original, as the following anecdote may prove. A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday : “Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it ? ” “Well sah, did you ebber read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out ’er Mary Magdalen ? ” “Oh, yes, I’ve heard of that.” “Did you ebber hear of ’em being cast out of any other woman, sah ? ” “No, I never did.” “Well den, de others got ’em yet.”

A bare-footed darky while hoeing cotton one day, saw his big toe under a clod, and, thinking it was a mole’s head, hit it and hurt himself. After working with it for a while he got tired, set his foot on a stump and said : “Well, jes pain away now ; I doesn’t care, you hurts yeself wusin ye do me.”

An negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must either give up driving mules or withdraw from the church, the two positions being incompatible.

An old darky who was asked if in his experience prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud an' some isn't —'pends on what you asks fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled bredden, I 'dsarved dat w'enebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pway dat He would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de mattee was 'tended to befo' sun-up nex mornin', dead sartin."

"Did you see dat hoss you was talkin' of buyin'?" asked one Austin darky of another. "Yes, I seed him." "Did you buy de hoss?" "No, I didn't buy him, bekase dar was no mutuality." "What do yer mean, niggah?" "Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff ob de hoss, but de hoss didn't see enuff ob me. He was blinn in one eye. Dar has to be more mutuality in a hoss trade."

A colored Mrs. Partington of New Orleans observed the other day that her husband held the "stinguished position of stupidnumerary on the metropolican police."

A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her you see, sah, an' ef I didn't buy her shoes and stockings, she wouldn't get none. Now ef I was to git married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, and dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockings right out of my old mudder's mouf."

A exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how Nigger Demus wanted to be born again.

"Sam, why don't you talk to massa, and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What de use ob laying up treasures dar, where he neber see um again!"

"Howdy, Aunt Maria," said a Georgia lady to an old colored lady. "I ain't yer ant, missus," loftily replied the aged female, "and I ain't yer uncle. I'se yer ekal!"

The present style of weather recalls the remark of a sable brother, that he had mos' allers noticed if he lived fro de month of March he lived fro de year.

A minister had a negro in his family. One Sunday when he was preaching, he happened to look in the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting, he said to the negro: "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen take notes." "Bring your notes here," said his master. Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching it."

A couple of members of the darky conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his body correspondingly lowered. "Ki yah, brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not perzactly, deacon, I'se sittin' on de ragged edge of dis pear."

"De shanghigh chicken 'minds me ob certain men dat I'se seed. He crows might loud an' brags around 'mong de hens an' young chickens; but when a game rooster around, he's got business on de udder side ob de fence."

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast countenance his master asked him the cause. "Oh, massa, I'm such a great sinner!" "But Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know the reason, massa," said Pete, "when you go out duck shooting and kill one duck and wound another, den't you run after the wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you an' me. De debil has got you sure; but, as he am not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time."

An old darky fishing on a wharf at Galveston was heard talking to the fish he saw swimming around his line in this fashion: "Give me a bite, honey; de children am a crying down to my house, and I tell you it's fish or nothin' in dat establishment."

A negress speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest said, "I nebber 'could bear dat brat 'cause he show dirt so easy."

An old negro waiter who met Governor Vance in a hotel in Philadelphia was a good theologian. The governor had known him "down south," and, having made a few pleasant remarks began to twit him about religious matters. "Well now, Joe," said the governor, "do you really believe in this election by God, that you speak of?" "Deed I do, Massa Vance," said the negro, seriously, with a shake of the head. "Well, do you think I am elected to be saved?" "'Scasely know, Massa Vance; but I nebber heard of any one being 'lected that wasn't a canderdate."

A St. Louis lady has a lovely daughter, and takes boarders. One of the nice young men is sweet on Bella, and coming home the other night he saw a light, graceful form sweep past him in the hall and heard the seductive rustle of crinoline. He knew that form and clasped it to his heart, imprinting impassioned kisses on its lips, he dropped it when he heard these words: "Hurry up, massa George. I's got to hurry after soft soap."

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen; "if *I* swear to a lie, *I* must stick to him!"

"I say, mammy, didn't yo' tell Peleg dat he mustn't go in bavin?" "Yo're right, I did, chile! has yo' been disobeyin' my 'structions, Peleg?" "No, mammy, I hasn't! I 'clare to goodness I hasn't been in bavin. Yo' see I put on Uncle Josh's britches by mistake dis mornin', an' dere were sich a heap o' looseness to 'em that when I un'ertook ter jump ober de brook dey dropped off an' I hatter guin arter 'em. Oh, no, I hasn't been bavin, mammy!"

An old negro woman in Kentucky was heard to exclaim: "Thomas Jefferson, you and James Madison come into the house, and bring Abe Lincoln along with you, or I'll reach for you, suah."

A Florida negro mistook a mule for a ghost, and poked it with a stick. The verdict returned was that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidences of a future existence.

A negro witness in a trial the other day was asked what he was doing in a certain saloon at a certain time. He explained that he had gone there to change his breff. The explanation was accepted.

Two colored preachers were in the pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark." The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "Abraham warn't there." But the speaker pushed on heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say when Abraham built the ark." "And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham warn't thar." The preacher was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham was *thar* or *thar abouts*."

A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of darkies laboring on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darky; "heap of thieves about here."

The politest of all darkies lives near Newark. When he meets a gentleman of his own color by moonlight he says: "Mr. Sam, do you know any place in the neighborhood whar a gemman might borrow a chicken?"

A colored man applied to a Boston savings bank, wishing to draw one dollar. The clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbid the withdrawal of less than three dollars. Our colored brother was in deep study for a few moments, and then said: "Sar, I'll take the free dollars." The three dollars were paid him, when he once more added: "Now, sar, if yer please, sar, I'll 'poset two dollars in the institution." The amount was duly received and credited, when, with his loose dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away.

"Fellow-trabelers," said a colored preacher, "ef I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, and then took to drinkin' for a monf, I couldn't feel more swelled up dan I am dis minit wid pride and vanity at seein' such full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

The Georgia negro has no more faith in banks. He lays his money out in store clothes and hair oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim: "Bust away wid ye, but you can't hurt dese lavender pants."

After shaking hands at the ferry dock the other day, one colored man inquired of another: "Didn't you marry de widow Jones about de first of Jinary?" "Dat's me—I did," was the answer; "but I've dun left her." "Why, how's dat?" "Well, de fust week she called me honey: de next week she sulked around and called me old Richards; the third week she cum for me wid a flatiron and broke two ribs, and I'm gwine to keep right away from dar."

CHAPTER XIV

Miscellaneous

“ Let it serve for table-talk.”

A DEAD set—the corset.

A Chicago dry goods dealer advertises the most alarming sacrifice since the days of Abraham and Isaac.

Preferred creditors—those that don't dun.

The governor of Rhode Island has forbidden boys to go on stilts, least they straddle the State.

A sad dog—one who tarries long at his whine.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home, at the same time.

The father of twin babies needs no alarm clock.

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

Mark Twain denies that his Gilded Age was a failure. He says it gave a poor, worthy book-binder a job.

When you bury a quarrel do not put up a tombstone.

One would imagine Jack Frost had always a good story to tell, he is so successful at getting the ear of a person.

If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

The positive, comparative, superlative degree for getting on in this world are, get on, get honor, get honest.

Age before beauty—old folks should go to bed at nine o'clock.

“I have a theory about the dead languages,” said a new student. “What is it?” asked the professor. “That they were killed by being studied too hard.”

Never wait for anything to turn up, but go and turn it up yourself.

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that——" here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are over or under the nose.

A demure looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

A grocer recently had a pound of sugar returned, with a note stating that it contained too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes.

A saucy young widow says she is in the honeymoon of her widowhood.

A man who was boasting of the unusual height of his relation was annoyed by one of the company, who said he had a brother twelve feet high. "Impossible?" snarled the boaster. "Well, two halves make a whole, don't they?" asked the other. "Yes," was the reply. "Well then, I've got two half-brothers, each of whom is six feet high," was the logical rejoinder.

If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.

Neal Dow was called into the Portland police station, Saturday night, to confront a tipsy book agent who insisted that they drank brandy and water together on a Sound boat recently. When the irate apostle of temperance got there, the fellow explained that he drank the brandy and Dow the water.

A poor henpecked husband said his wife took her hair off so easily, that perhaps she didn't know how it hurt him to have his hair pulled out.

A westerner describes a man with a quivering eyelid, as one who stutters in his left eye.

“Cannot something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted on our streets at night?” asks a Cincinnati paper. There can. Just have the girl’s mother tuck her into her little bed about eight o’clock in the evening, and lock the door on her.

A drunken Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell “jug not that ye be not jugged.”

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that he would—ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah, to denote what he was! “Certainly, certainly,” said the tradesman; “I’ll put a cipher on it.”

Don’t take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

When we see a young lady and gent singing, “What will the Harvest Be,” with their heads so close together that the chorus is interrupted with a noise like the bursting of a drum head, we can give a pretty good guess on the subject.

Punch says he has observed that the unfortunate man's friends live a long way off.

Daniel Webster once good-naturedly wrote a letter for an ignorant servant, and when he had asked him, "Is there anything else you wish to say, Mike?" the man scratched his head and finally said, "Yes, if you please. Just say they must excuse the poor scholarship and want of sense the letter shows."

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

Boarder, "What large chickens these are!" Landlady, "Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't pretend to get chickens as large as these." Boarder (with an innocent air,) "No, I suppose not; these must have grown a good deal in that time."

Falling in love is like falling into a river, it is much easier getting in than out.

Somebody advertises in one of the Westfield papers for a servant girl who would not be above placing herself on an equality with the rest of the family.

Never laugh at a man with a pug nose; you don't know what may turn up.

Two boarding-house keepers are comparing notes. "It 'pears to me, Mrs. Miggles, that your chicken salad is never found out—leastways I never heard any of the boarders complain." "You see," explained Mrs. Miggles, "I allus chop up a few feathers with the veal."

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

Together they were looking over the paper. "What is it?" he asked. "Why there's an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offers refused.' " "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are exactly my sentiments."

The good of a man's life cannot be measured by the length of his funeral procession.

A gentleman of Ottawa gave an order for a silver-mounted claret jug to a Montreal dealer, instructing him to send it by express marked C. O. D. A couple of days ago the jug arrived engraved in beautiful large letters "C. O. D."

If you let a cat out of the bag never try to cram it back again; it only makes matters worse.

An aristocratic New Yorker, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry one of his girls, gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly; which would you prefer, the housemaid or the cook?"

A cross-eyed minister should never get up and read the hymn, "I will guide thee with mine eyes."

A man desirous of having a tooth extracted recently took ether, and as he began to regain consciousness, inquired, "Where am I?" "In jail for killing your wife," responded the facetious dentist. "In jail for killing my wife! I always thought it would come to that."

When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes; they may fit your wife's second husband.

It was a Boston lady who described her faithless lover's mouth as "stretching across the wide desolation of his face, the sepulchre of ice cream and the geyser of falsehood."

The difference between a boy and a barn is that shingles are applied to the roof of the barn.

See how wonderful are the ways of nature in Illinois: A pair of boots cost just two loads of potatoes, and to raise the potatoes just wears out a pair of boots.

Time works wonders, as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

A good deacon making official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

When a dead man is spoken of as the late Mr. Smith, the inference is that he did not die early enough.

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding, "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed a guest, "one side highly ornamented with Turkey morocco and the other plain calf."

Blessed are they that are ignorant ; for they are happy in thinking that they know everything.

“ I tell you,” said the canvasser, “ you have no idea of the hard work there is in this business. It is either talking or walking from morning till night.” “ Beg pardon,” replied the victim. “ I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now please favor me with an exhibition of the walking part.”

An ill-natured, fussy man is like a tallow candle. He always sputters and smokes when he is put out.

Two gentlemen were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance. “ Did you ever, neighbor,” said one, “ see me with more than I could carry ? ” “ No, indeed,” was the reply, “ but I have seen you when I thought you had better gone twice after it.”

“ Utah may have its plural wives,” observes Mr. Quilp ; “ but other parts of the country have very singular ones.”

The churches were filled on Sunday—thanks to the milliners.

An inebriate stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs, and, on striking the landing reproachfully apostrophized himself with: "If you'd been a waitin' to come downstairs, why'n thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool an' I'd a come with you and showed you the way."

The discussion of eternal punishment promises to last forever.

Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, was once assailed by a fishwoman with foul epithets. Whereupon he turned upon her, and berated her terribly. He called her a noun, an adverb, an interjection, an adjective, and thus like, until she waxed as mad as a hornet.

Civilized cannibalism—Eating your bread with a little Indian in it.

A printer's devil says his lot is a hard one; at his boarding-house they charge him with all the pie they can't find, and at the office they charge him with all the pi they do find.

Engaging photographer—"Just look a little pleasanter, miss! think of 'im."

"Why is this called Jacob's Ladder?" asked a charming woman, as she and he were going up the steepest part of the Mount Washington Railway. "Because," he replied with a look that emphasized his words, "there are angels ascending and descending occasionally." He squeezed her hand.

A perfectly collected man—one who has been gathered to his fathers.

Somebody said to Robert Hall, "How many discourses do you think a minister may get up each week?" Answered Hall, "If he is a deep thinker and a great condenser, he may get up one; if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half-a-dozen."

A good sermon is like a kiss—It requires but two heads and an application.

A New York state man who recently tried a flying machine of his own invention had no advice to those who crowded around him. All he said was, "Work in durned fool somewhere on my tombstone."

An observing man claims to have discovered the color of the wind. He says he went out and found it blew.

At the close of the sittings in the Illinois house of representatives, the clerk read the following: "I am requested to announce that the Rev. Doctor McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in the hall on the 'Education of Idiots.' Members of the legislature are invited to attend."

A singular instance of scepticism is recorded in the case of the man who said the Bible was too good to be true.

Two clergymen were busy discussing a knotty problem in theology. "I believe," said one, "in the doctrine of—" up went his heels, and, as he bored a hole in the ice, he finished the sentence—"damnation!" It did not sound pretty, but then, he didn't intend to say it in that way.

No matter how hard it is to find a rocking-chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over one when he is in search of the match box after dark.

The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

Stories are common enough of needles traveling about in people's bodies and making their appearance in very odd places. But the most remarkable case is related of a young woman in New York who got a needle in her wrist a year ago, and the other day it was removed from the right arm of a young man who has been keeping her company.

There is a man who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

"Henrietta," said a lady to her new girl, "when there's bad news—particularly family afflictions—always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

Henry Ward Beecher said, that if any college should put two D's after his name he should feel inclined to put a dash between them and send them back.

A shrill old lady, whenever she loses her scissors, rouses the whole family with, "Where's them shears appeared to?"

A visitor to a country parson tells how, when he accompanied him lately to take the duty in a remote parish, the sexton said: "Perhaps your reverence won't mind preaching from the chancel, for we've got a duck sittin' in the pulpit."

How much happier we should be summer evenings if Noah had stepped on the male tumble bug before he left the ark.

A gentleman took the following telegram to a telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown, Liverpool Street.—I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will, I believe we are his heirs.—John Black." The clerk having counted the words, said, "There are two too many, sir." "All right; cut out 'with grief,' " was the answer.

One of the boys asked young Brown if his girl's father was much "put out" when he asked him for his daughter. "Oh, no," said Brown, "he didn't appear to be put out, but he put me out in a hurry."

A New York paper says that a baldheaded man will marry three times to any other man's once, other things being even.

A country deacon went home one evening and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. "One of the neighbors," he said, "called him a liar." Her eyes flashed with indignation; "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble," replied the husband; "I told him to prove it and he did."

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

The quickest method of developing human life is to plant a photographer's camera in front of a lonesome, deserted country hotel, and long, long before the artist can get a focus, the porch, balcony, doors, windows, side fence and dormer-windows of that hostelry will be alive with smiling, unconscious humanity.

Vermont has a young lady six feet, seven inches high, and when a young man succeeds in kissing her they say he has "gone up."

Emerson says : " The way to make the world better is by reforming number one, then there is surely one less villain in the world."

" But I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. " Then I make it spades ! " yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

It is apparent to so many parents that a great many children get on the wrong track because the switch is misplaced.

The story is told of an old hunter in Michigan who lost his way in the woods a number of times when the country was new. At length he secured a pocket compass and its use was explained to him by a friend. But shortly afterward he lost his way again and lay out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He did not dare to he said. He wanted to go north and he " tried to make the thing point north, but it wan' any use 'twould shake, shake, shake round and point southeast every time."

"Late hours," says our esteemed Aunt Dorcas, "are apt to lead either to the penitentiary or matrimony. Think of this, young men."

A notorious New York prize fighter and disorderly character was on trial the other day for assault and battery. He was convicted, and just before the judge passed the sentence his counsel appealed for mercy, saying that his client intended to leave New York at once. "I know it," said the judge; "he is going to leave it for six months, during which time he will reside in the penitentiary."

A California jury, in a suicide case lately, found the following verdict: "We the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

At a recent Sunday-school reunion the superintendent proposed that they form a line, and march to the song, "Hold the Fort." Accordingly the line was formed, with Deacon B. at the head. All went beautifully until they came to the second verse:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."

It was Harness who said of the French "that they did not know what they wanted, and would not rest till they got it."

President Eliot related an amusing anecdote of two honored professors of Yale, one of whom, he said, is long of speech, the other concise and pithy. The two were taking a walk spiced with conversation one day when they were met by a friend who greeted them with this paraphrase of the text: "Day unto Dwight uttereth speech, Dwight unto Day showeth knowledge."

"I say," said a rough fellow to a fop with conspicuous bow-legs, "I say, don't you have to have your pantaloons cut with a circular saw?"

Gentleman, "My good woman, how much is that goose?" Market woman, "Well, you may have the two ats even shillin'." Gentleman, "But *I* only want one." Market woman, "Can't help it; ain't goin' to sell one without the other. Them ere geese to my certain knowledge hav' been together for more'n thirteen years, and *I* ain't goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate them now."

For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat-collar, is said to be the first symptoms that the young man is in peril.

A Jerseyman went to Mauch Chunk, Pa., to spend his vacation, and during the night three old hens, which had gone to roost on a tree outside his bedroom window, were disturbed by a cat and flew into the apartment. The Jerseyman awakened and slashed a pillow around until the bewildered fowls found their way out. The next morning he told his host that he should come there every summer, for during the night he had seen but three mosquitoes.

If there is really a delightfully refreshing scene on this earth it is a newly married man sliding toward home with his first washboard.

A gentleman who had spent half the winter in Washington endeavoring to get a private bill through Congress, returned to the bosom of his family a sadder and wiser man. Shortly after his arrival he was met by a friend, who greeted him warmly with : "Glad to see you back again. How about your bill?" "Bill—bill?" said the disappointed solicitor, confusedly, with a dim recollection of an encounter with the hotel keeper. "I left it unpaid."

A bill recently passed by the California Legislature provides that religion shall be neither taught nor practiced in the public schools.

A demure citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning last week when a stranger addressed him: "Do you know where the post office is?" "Yes," answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further reply. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back, and inquired in his turn, "Why? Did you want to know?" "No," replied the victim, with great earnestness, and then, the account having been balanced, the two shook hands gravely, and walked off toward the Falmouth.

Somebody asked somebody else, on the occasion of the death of a very wealthy man, "How much did he leave?" The answer was very promptly given, "Oh, he left it all. He didn't take any with him."

When a woman makes up her mind that a hen shall not set, and the hen makes up her mind that she will, the irresistible meets the immovable, and every law of nature is broken or perverted.

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war pray once, before going to sea pray twice, and before getting married pray three times."

An Illinois youth has been wearing a fine plaited bosom shirt, which opened on the back, hind-side before for more than a year. He said he thought they had laid out a good deal of work on the back!

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "*In* course *I* doz; and, what is more, *I* mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

"Huxley, my boy! you haven't come a bit too soon, for when we hear of a man up in Reading, Pa., being beaten at euchre by a learned hog, it's about time to ask whither are we drifting?"

The reason that æsthetics so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has invented a new beatitude: "Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it."

Professor says: "Time is money: how do you prove it?" Student says, "Well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, that is a quarter to two."

Two deacons once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, one remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!" "What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared, I will!"

A fashion exchange says that "striped parasols have taken the place of striped stockings." But we don't believe it. Why they—they couldn't.

A man left a bony steed on Main street last Saturday, and, coming back a short time afterward, discovered that a funny youth had placed a placard against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wanted—inquire within."

A parsimonious sea captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the apostles? They ate shew bread made from old boots and shoes."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they have no mind.

A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast offered the following: "Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

A Boston paper is in "favor of women voting if they want to." A Western paper would like to see the man who could make them vote if they did not want to.

A rich, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

Edward Edgerton, of Madison, Ind., thrust his hand into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his teeth to see how many fingers Mr. Edgerton had. The curiosity of both was fully satisfied.

A man who was labored with for not having a Bible in the house, excused himself by saying that there was nothing in the Bible that wasn't in his dictionary.

If you want to see a man struggling to do several things at once, just watch him trying to put on his overcoat and rubbers and yet keep his head bowed while the minister is pronouncing the benediction.

"There!" said Jones, as he wrathfully pushed away the pie which his landlord had just served him, "that stuff ain't fit for a pig to eat, and I ain't going to eat it."

A college student being examined in Locke where he speaks of our relation to Deity, was asked: "What relations do we most neglect?" He answered, with the utmost simplicity, "Poor relations, sir!"

Over the porch of the Old South Church at Boston is chiselled: "Behold! I have set before you an open door," and under, on the door, is printed in emphatic letters, "Positively no admittance."

There is always some incentive to the American youth to study and work. He may not become President of the United States, but he may be the oldest Mason.

A father and mother at Decatur, Michigan, left their two little boys a gun to play with. As it had but one barrel, they still have one boy for their declining years.

"Are you not afraid that whiskey'll get into your head," asked a stranger of a tall man he saw drinking at the bar. "No," said the man, "this liquid is too weak to climb."

A person lately saw in Greenwood Cemetery a tombstone with "I would not live alway" chiseled upon it, beneath which some urchin had penciled, "Sour Grapes."

A lady in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was looking for the key-hole of his trunk.

The Israelites Crossing the Red Sea is one of the paintings exhibited by a professor in Maine, who claims in his advertisement that they were photographed direct from nature.

A man had the choice of committing the least of three offences: murder, robbery, or drunkenness. He chose the latter, got drunk, and then committed the other two.

Pretty girls, according to Mr. Moody, should not permit themselves to be kissed at church fairs for twenty-five cents, and we think ourselves that in these hard times the price is too high.

"What is a more exhilarating sight," asks a Vermont paper, "than to see eighteen handsome girls sliding down hill on an ox-sled?" "Nineteen," says the experienced editor of the *Boston Post*.

A man swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner never would have fooled it away in that manner.

"Will the coming man use both hands?" is a question asked by a scientific exchange. We do not see how the coming man can use both hands unless the coming woman drives the horse.

"Women are so contrary," said Blobbs. "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me."

"So your daughter has married a rich husband." "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

A bookbinder had a book brought him to be rebound. After the job was finished he made the following entry in his day-book: "To repairing the Way to Heaven, twenty-five cents."

A Mississippi granger is opposed to railroads. He says that when he goes to town they bring him home so quick he hasn't time to get sober before he arrives.

Stebbins says: "Elderly people ought to retire early at this season of the year. It is better for the health. Besides it gives the young folks a better chance."

“Ma, this milk is better than yesterday's milk was.” “Don't say that, child. Say there's more milk in this water than there was in the water we got yesterday.”

My dear Mr. [unclear]
I have just [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]







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